HYMNS

SELECTED

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS;

WITH

A KEY OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

BY

SAMUEL WORCESTER, D. D.
Late Pastor of the Tabernacle Church, Salem, Mass.

NEW EDITION.

Two Hundred and Seventy Hymns and Occasional Pieces added,

WITH INDEXES.

BY

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BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY CROCKER & BREWSTER.

1843.

...ON EXPRESSION.

EXTRACT FROM THE PREFACE

TO THE

NEW EDITION OF WATTS' AND SELECT HYMNS.

AMONG the eminent public services of the late Dr. Worcester, his labors to improve the influence of our "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs," were not the least in importance. His "Christian Psalmody," first published in 1815, was very favorably received; although it was obliged to contend with serious objections from those who prefer to have Watts unabridged and unaltered. The "Selection of Hymns from other Authors" was evidently made with his characteristic discrimination of judgment and refinement of taste. The "Key of Expression" gave the whole work a peculiarity and a value, which have been justly appreciated.

So strong, however, was the predilection of the community for Watts entire, that Dr. Worcester was induced to edit the work, which has since been extensively known as "Watts' and Select Hymns." To this work a liberal patronage has been afforded. It has been introduced into very many of our churches, and holds a high place in public estimation. Spurious editions of it having lately appeared, and the materials for an improved selection of hymns having greatly increased, a new edition has been strongly urged by many gentlemen, whose judgment is entitled to respectful consideration.

A new edition of "Watts' and Select Hymns" is therefore now offered to the public. The Selection has been enlarged by the addition of 240 hymns and 30 "Occasional Pieces." The whole number of "Select Hymns" is now 474. The hymns selected by the present Editor are numbered in continuation of those in the former editions, and commence with "Hymn 237," p. 655. For the convenience of the numerous churches in which the former editions are used, it has been thought best to *add* the new hymns, rather than destroy the existing arrangement, by making a classification of the whole. If such a classification had been made, it is obvious that the new edition could not be used in connection with any of the previous editions.

The evil which arises from the heterogeneous arrangement of the Psalms and Hymns in all the common editions of *Watts, has long* been very seriously felt. To diminish it as *much as possible,* without making a new book,—very special *attention has now been given to the* "INDEX OF SUBJECTS."

hymns of high character, for all the spec
the diversified movements of the age hav
ence. He has endeavored to pass by
are merely ephemeral; so that the new S
more nearly correspond with those, which
seal of public approbation. High author
to confirm his decision, in regard to al
which has been added. Want of room
omit many hymns, which otherwise would
in the Selection.—*This edition will be fo*
enriched with hymns, which relate to the
Christ,—the alarming condition of the
feelings of the convicted and the penitent,-
Christian experience,—the benevolent
church,—the institutions and ordinances
times and seasons,—more particularly, th
sickness and death, eternity and judgment.

Very seldom has the Editor allowed h
alteration in the phraseology of the hymn
instance of material change, an intimat
fact—as on p. 676.

The designation of tunes, and the app
of Expression" to the new Select Hym
exceptions, been made by an experience
music.

SAMUEL M.

A TABLE,

TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.

HYMNS

SELECTED

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Being of God. Ps. civ.

e 1 THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
o See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise!

—2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

o 3 The flowery tribes all blooming rise,
Above the weak attempts of art;
e The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

—4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
e Confess the footsteps of the God;—
a Bow down before him—and adore. STEELE.

HYMN 2. C. M. *Tunbridge.* [b *]

Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
o But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

e 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
—'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its divinest forms.

e 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies:
o *A safe defence,* a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

1 ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and se
And heaven's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand,—how wide it spread the sk
How glorious to behold!
Tingéd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid grour
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

5 But still the wonders of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

—4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

5 (Here he exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.)

e 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

—8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb. WATTS.

HYMN 5. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [*]

GOD'S *Name proclaimed.* Ex. xxxiv. 6—8.

1 ATTEND, my soul, the voice divine,
And mark what beaming glories shine
Around thy condescending God!
To us—to us, he still proclaims,
e His awful, his endearing names;
o Attend, and sound them all abroad

d 2 "Jehovah I, the sovereign Lord,
"The mighty God, by heaven adored,
"Down to the earth my footsteps bend
e "My heart the tenderest pity knows,
"Goodness, full-streaming, wide o'erflows,
"And grace and truth shall never end.

3 "My patience long can crimes endure,
"My pardoning love is ever sure,
"When penitential sorrow mourns;
"To millions, through unnumbered years,
"*New hope* and new delight it bears;
"*Yet wrath* against the sinner burns."

U How much did God bestow!
e whole creation homage paid,
And owned him lord below.

He dwelt in Eden's garden, stored
With sweets for every sense;
d there, with his descending Lord,
He walked in confidence.

But oh! by sin how quickly changed!
His honour forfeited;
s heart, from God and truth estranged,
His conscience, filled with dread.

Now from his Maker's voice he flies,
Which was before his joy:
nd thinks to hide amidst the trees,
From an all-seeing eye.

Compelled to answer to his name,—
With stubbornness and pride,
e cast on God himself the blame,
Nor once for mercy cried.

But grace, unasked, his heart subdued,
And all his guilt forgave:

2 The paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence:
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

4 The scape-goat, on his head,
The people's trespass bore;
And to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more:
In him our Surety seemed to say,
d "Behold, I bear your sins away."

— 5 Dipped in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free:
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea—
e Described a guilty soul enlarged,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

o 6 Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age!
—O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsafed to me! COWPER.

HYMN 8. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

Birth of the Saviour.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconciled!"

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

4 *Veiled in flesh*—the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity;

HYMN 9. C. M. *Beth*

Joy of Angels at the Saviour

1 WHILE shepherds watche
All seated on the ground
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

e 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty
Had seized their troubled mind,
o "Glad tidings of great joy I bring;
"To you and all mankind.

b 3 "To you, in David's town, this
"Is born of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the l
"And this shall be the sign:—

4 "The heavenly Babe you there
"To human view displayed,
e "All meanly wrapped in swaddlin
"And in a manger laid."

—5 Thus spake the seraph; and fort
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

s 6 "All glory be to God on high.

e 2 "JESUS, the God, whom angels fear,
"Comes down to dwell with you;
—"To-day he makes his entrance here,
e "But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
"Nor royal, shining things;
"A manger for his cradle stands,
a "And holds the King of kings!

o 4 "Go, shepherds, where the Infant lies,
"And see his humble throne;
p "With tears of joy in all your eyes,
"Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

—5 Thus Gabriel sang—and straight around,
The heavenly armies throng:
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:—

s 6 "Glory to God who reigns above,
"Let peace surround the earth;
"Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
"At their Redeemer's birth." WATTS'S LYR.

HYMN 11. 8, 6 & 5. *Christmas.* [*]

Christmas Morn.

o 1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn:
— Each heavenly power,
o Proclaim the glad hour;
s Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!

o 2 All glory be to God on high,
To him all praise is due;
o The promise is sealed—
The Saviour's revealed—
And proves that the record is true.

s 3 Let joy around like rivers flow;
Flow on, and still increase;
Spread o'er the glad earth,
At Emmanuel's birth—
For heaven and earth are at peace.

e 4 Now the good will of God is shown
Towards Adam's helpless race;
o Messiah is come—
To ransom his own—
To save them by infinite grace.

O SIGHT of angu...
What weeping innocence is
A manger for his bed!
The brutes yield refuge to his woe—
Men, worse than brutes, no pity sho
Nor give him friendly aid!

2 Why do no rapid thunders roll?
Why do not tempests rock the pole
O miracle of grace!
Or why no angels on the wing,
Warm for the honour of their King,
To punish all the race!

3 Though now an INFANT bathed i
He called to form the rolling spher
And seraphs owned his nod!
Helpless he calls, but men delay
Ungrateful sinners disobey
The first-born Son of God!

4 Say, radiant seraphs, throned i
Did love e'er tower so high a flig
Or glory sink so low?
This wonder angels scarce decl
Angels the rapture scarce can b
Or equal praise bestow.

Redemption! 'tis a boundles
... Mind, our hea

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

o 3 He comes—the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
o The gates of brass before him burst—
The iron fetters yield!

o 4 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
o And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

e 5 He comes—the broken heart to bind—
The bleeding soul to cure;
o And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

e 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 14. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

Christ's Example.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,—
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild—how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move. STEELE

vay, ye charms of mortal joy!
ures divine my thoughts employ!
the King of glory shine;—
l his love, and call him mine.

ı Tabor thus his servants viewed
lustre, when transformed he stood;
, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
:d, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell.

et still our elevated eyes
nobler visions long to rise;
ıt grand assembly would we join,
ıere all thy saints around thee shine.

:hat mount—how bright! those forms—h
s good to dwell forever there:
me, death, dear envoy of our God,
.d bear me to that blest abode. Don

HYMN 16. L. M. *Dresden.* [

rist weeping over Jerusalem. Luke xix.

WHAT venerable sight appears!—
The Son of God—dissolved in te
ace, O my soul, with sad surprise,
he sorrows of a Saviour's eyes.

we would know

And can thy tenderness forget
The sinner humbled at thy feet?

e 5 With deep remorse our bowels move,—
That we have wronged such matchless love;
e Thy gentle pity, Lord, display,
And smile these trembling fears away.

—6 Give us to shine before thy face,
Eternal trophies of thy grace;
o Where songs of praise thy saints employ,
And mingle with a Saviour's joy. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 17. 7s. *St. John's.* [b]

Gethsemane; or, Agony in the Garden. Matt. xxvi. 36-45.

1 MANY woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient and to pains inured!
e But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustained in thee,—
a Gloomy—sad—Gethsemane!

e 2 Came at length the dreadful night!
d Vengeance, with his iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God:
p See, my soul, the Saviour see—
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

e 3 There my God bore all my guilt;
—This, through grace, can be believed!
e But the torments which he felt,
Are too vast to be conceived:
None can penetrate through thee—
a Doleful—dark—Gethsemane.

4 All my sins against my God—
e All my sins against his laws—
All my sins against his blood—
All my sins against his cause:—
e Sins as boundless as the sea!
Hide me, O Gethsemane!

—5 Here's my claim, and here alone;
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none;
Not a work that I can plead:
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

[Which heaven and earth amaze?
ierefore do earthquakes cleave the groun
Vhy hides the sun his rays?

Vell may the earth astonished shake,
ınd nature sympathize:
: sun as darkest night be black—
'heir Maker, JESUS—dies.

Iehold, fast streaming from the tree—
Iis all-atoning blood!
his the INFINITE?—'tis he—
Iy Saviour and my God.

'or me—these pangs his soul assail,
'or me—this death is borne;
· sins gave sharpness to the nail,
ınd pointed every thorn.

.et sin no more my soul enslave;
3reak, Lord, its tyrant chain;
ıave me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed—nor die in vain.

IN 19. L. M. *Carthage. Munich*

It is finished. John xix. 30.

'IS finished:—so the Saviour cried;
And meekly bowed his head, and d

4 'Tis finished:—this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
o Millions shall be redeemed from death,
—By this my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finished:—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
o Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

—6 'Tis finished:—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
s 'Tis finished:—let the echo fly,
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

DR. STENNET.

HYMN 20. L. M. *Dresden.* [b *]

CHRIST'S *Dying, Rising, and Reigning.*

p 1 HE dies!—the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
a A solemn darkness veils the skies!
d A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

e 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groaned beneath your load
p He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree—
a The Lord of glory dies for men!
o But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
d Jesus the dead—revives again!

o 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies!
g Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

u 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
o Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
d And led the tyrant Death—in chains.

s 6 Say, "Live forever, glorious King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
d Then ask—"O Death, where is thy sting?
"And where thy victory, boasting Grave?

Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

—3 Vain the stone, the watch, the se
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

o 4 Lives again our glorious King,
d "Where, O Death, is now thy sting
e Once he died our souls to save,
d "Where's thy victory, boasting Gr

—5 What though once we perished a
Partners of our parents' fall?—
o Second life we shall receive,
And in Christ forever live.

HYMN 22. 7s. *Epiph*

Christ's Ascension.

s 1 HAIL, the day that saw him
Ravished from our wishful
e Christ, awhile to mortals given,
o Reascends his native heaven:
—There the pompous triumph waits
e Lift your heads, eternal gates!

3 Master, (may we ever say,)
Taken from the world away,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee.
Grant, though parted from our sight,
—High above yon azure height,—
Grant our souls may thither rise—
Following thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come—
Looking for a happier home.
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see—
Find a heaven of heavens in thee.

HYMN 23. L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

CHRIST'S *Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.* Acts ii. 32—36.

1 COME, tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord to sing;
And echo, to the heavenly plains,
The triumphs of your Saviour King.

2 In songs of grateful rapture tell,
How he subdued your potent foes;
Subdued the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finished all your woes:

3 Then to his glorious throne on high,
Returned; while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conquering God, resound.

4 Almighty love, victorious power!
Not angel tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour—
The joys of that illustrious day.

5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace
Fill every heart, and every tongue;
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song. STEELE.

Echo to the blissful sound.

o 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your ey
See the Conqueror mount the sk
Troops of angels on the road,
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

g 4 Heaven unfolds her portals wi
Glorious Hero, through them rid
King of glory, mount thy throne
Boundless empire is thine own.

s 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden l
Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand ton

—6 Let Emmanuel be adored—
d Ransom, Mediator, Lord;
o To creation's utmost bound,
Let th' immortal praise resound.

HYMN 25. 8, 7, & 4.

Praise to the REDEE

1 MIGHTY God, while ange
e May an infant lisp thy r
—Lord of man, as well as angels,

4 For thy providence that governs,
Through thine empire's wide domain;
e Wings an angel—guides a sparrow—
o Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.

e 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
e Thought is poor, and poor expression;
a Who dare sing that awful song? Hal.

—6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
e Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
d Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
o Sing the Lord, who came to die. Hal.

e 7 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
—Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hal.

8 From the highest throne in glory,
a To the cross of deepest woe—
All to ransom guilty captives!
s Flow, my praise, forever flow. Hal.

o 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne:
g Thence return, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah, &c. ROBINSON.

HYMN 26. C. M. *Marlborough.* [*]

Coronation of Christ. Cant. iii. 11.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
o And crown him—Lord of all.

—4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord, did call:
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
o And crown him—Lord of all.

On this terrestrial ball,
g To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

HYMN 27. 6 & 4.

Jesus is King. Rev.

1 LET us awake our joys,
Strike up with cheerful
Each creature, sing;
Angels—begin the song,
Mortals—the strains prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,—
o "Jesus is King."

—2 Proclaim abroad his name,
Tell of his matchless fame—
What wonders done;
Shout through hell's dark profou
Let the whole earth resound,
Till the high heavens rebound—
"The victory's won."

—3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And the last foe will quell;
o Mourners, rejoice!

HYMN 28. H. M. *Triumph.* [*]

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

s 1 REJOICE—the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice—the Saviour reigns!
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

—3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules air, earth, and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
o Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

—5 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell,
With pure seraphic joy;
o Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

o 6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come—
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
g We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound—rejoice! RIPPON.

HYMN 29. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Glories of God in Redemption. Isai. xliv. 23.

g 1 FATHER—how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
o Known through the earth by thousand signs
By thousands through the skies.

d 2 But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
p Where vengeance and compassion join,
In their divinest forms;—

Wonder and joy shall tune my hea
And love command my tongue.

HYMN 30. 6 & 4. C. M. *B*

Worthy the Lamb. Rev.

o 1 GLORY to God on high:
Let heaven and earth reply
o Praise ye his Name!
—His love and grace adore,
o Who all our sorrows bore;
—And sing for evermore—
o Worthy the Lamb.

—2 All they around the throne
o Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his Name;
We, who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear Name abroad—
o Worthy the Lamb.

—3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
o Praise ye his name:
o In him we will rejoice,

HYMN 31. L. M. *Munich. Moreton.* [*]

Christ's Intercession. Heb. vii. 25.

1 HE lives—the great Redeemer lives;
o What joy the blest assurance gives!—
—And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

e 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
—But in the Saviour's lovely face,
o Sweet mercy smiles—and all is peace!

—3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts—
Above our fears, above our faults,
e His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

e 4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
—Let this dear hope repel the dart—
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
e Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. STEELE.

HYMN 32. 8 & 7. *Calvary.* [*]

Praise to the Redeemer.

1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus!
Thou didst free salvation bring;
By thy death thou didst release us
From the tyrant's deadly sting.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
Great High Priest, by God anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

3 Contrite sinners are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made for man with God.

g 4 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

Redeeming Love.

o 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
—Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
o As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

e 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
o See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

e 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
—Now from bliss no longer rove;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

o 5 Welcome, all by sin oppressed—

HYMN 34. C. M. *Windsor. Plymouth.* [*]

The Necessity of Renewing Grace.

e 1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
e The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

p 2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason, debased, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

e 3 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
o 'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine,
To form the heart anew.

—4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray—
'Tis thine alone to give.

p 6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
o Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine!

HYMN 35. S. M. *Watchman.* [*]

Prayer for the Spirit. John xiv. 26.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds—
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

Sorrow for Sin.

p 1 O THAT my load of sin wer
O that I could at last sub
At Jesus' feet to lay me down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

e 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art—
Give me thy meek, thy lowly mir
And stamp thine image on my hei

—3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my
Thy light and easy burden prove-
The cross, all stained with hallow
The labour of thy dying love.

d 5 I would—but thou must give th
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful
And fill me with thy perfect peac

o 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinn
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;

My vile ingratitude I mourn:
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou—wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious—how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore,
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love—so free—so sweet—
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more. STEELE.

HYMN 38. L. M. *Armley.* [b]

Sinner submitting to God.

1 WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease—
God, who creates, must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.

e 3 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

—4 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

o 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure;
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy, impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.

HYMN 39. C. M. *Reading.* [b *]

Sinner resolving to go to Christ. Esth. iv. 16.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

o 4 " I'll to the gracious king approach,
" Whose sceptre pardon gives;
—" Perhaps he may command my touch—
" And then the suppliant lives.

5 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,—
" Perhaps will hear my prayer;
e " But if I perish, I will pray,
" And perish only there.

—6 " I can but perish if I go,
" I am resolved to try;
" For if I stay away, I know
" I must forever die."

HYMN 40. 7 & 6. *Clark's.*

The Heart healed by Mercy.

1 SIN enslaved me many years,
And led me bound and blind;
'Till at length a thousand fears
Came swarming o'er my mind.
o Where (I said in deep distress)
Will these sinful pleasures end?
How shall I secure my peace,
And make the Lord my friend?

o Then my stubborn heart he broke,
And subdued me to his sway;
By a simple word he spoke—
d "Thy sins are done away." COWPER.

HYMN 41. L. M. *Islington.* [*]

The happy Change.

e 1 IN sin, by blinded passions led,
In search of fancied good we range;
The paths of disappointment tread,
To nothing fixed—but love of change.

—2 But when the Holy Ghost imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love;
Our wandering, weary, restless hearts
Are then renewed, no more to rove.

o 3 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will;
—This love, another name for grace,
Constrains to good, and bars from ill.

o 4 By love's pure light we soon perceive
Our noblest bliss, and proper end;
And gladly every idol leave,
To love and serve our Lord and Friend.

HYMN 42. L. M. *Portugal.* [b *]

The Influences of the Spirit experienced. John xiv. 16, 17.

e 1 DEAR Lord—and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
d Unworthy dwelling!—glorious Guest!
Favours astonishing—divine!

e 2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night;
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here
—Great spring of comfort, life, and light?

o 3 Sure the blest Comforter is nigh;
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

—4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

o And light, and heavenly peace impar
Sweet earnests of the joys above.

HYMN 43. 8s. *Bethany*

Power of Faith. Rom. i. 1

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified Gc
o His pardon at once he receives—
Redemption in full through his blood.
o 2 Though thousands and thousands c
Against him in malice unite—
Their rage he, through Christ, can o
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.
—3 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy, or name—
d The work of God's Spirit it is.
o 4 It treads on the world, and on hell,
It vanquishes death and despair,
e And what is still stranger to tell,
d It overcomes heaven by prayer.
o 5 It says to the mountains, "Depart,
That stand betwixt God and the soul
e It binds up the broken in heart,

It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King,
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me. BEDDOME.

HYMN 45. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Faith encouraged by ancient Example. Heb. xi. 13.

o 1 RISE, O my soul, pursue the path,
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.

—2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

o 3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood,
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.

—4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given—
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heaven. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 46 L. M. *Oporto.* [*]

The new Convert.

1 THE new-born child of gospel grace,
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,
Beneath EMMANUEL's shining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 No fears he feels—he sees no foes—
No conflict yet his faith employs;

And said, [illegible]
d " My arm secured me this success."

e 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down
And draw our ebbing comforts low;
—That, saved by grace, but not our own
We may not claim the praise we owe.

HYMN 47. C. M. *Canterb*

Comforts, true and false.

1 O GOD, whose favourable eye
The sin-sick soul revives;
Holy and heavenly is the joy,
Thy shining presence gives;—

e 2 Not such as hypocrites suppose,
Who, with a graceless heart,
Taste not of thee, but drink a dose,
Prepared by Satan's art.

—3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who, while they boast their light,
And seem to soar above the stars,
Are plunging into night.

e 4 Lulled in a soft and fatal sleep,

HYMN 48. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Zeal, true and false.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
e While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

e 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
d The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

—3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Saviour's name;
Nor seeks it aught beside.

d 5 But self, however well employed,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do."

—6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

7 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love. NEWTON.

HYMN 49. C. M. *Abridge.* [b]

Not go away from Christ. John vi. 67—69.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
e (Alas, what numbers do!)
—Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
d "Wilt thou forsake me too?"

e 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

> No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

s 6 What anguish has this question stirr
s "If I will also go?"
—Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
d I humbly answer—No!

HYMN 50. L. M. *Carthag*

Not ashamed of Jesus. Mark vi

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee
Scorned be the thought, by rich and p
O may I scorn it more and more.

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Frie
On whom my hopes of heaven depen
No! when I blush, be this my shame
That I no more revere his name.

p 4 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may—
When I've no sins to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,

Through every year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.

2 On us, all worthless as we are,
It wondrous mercy pours;
o Sure as the heaven's established course,
And plenteous as the showers.

e 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew;
False as the morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

p 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
And loud implore thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.

o 5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move;
o And with increasing transports press
On to thy courts above.

—6 So by thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way;
o Brightens each moment in his race,
o And shines to perfect day. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 52. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

O that I were as in months past. Job xxix. 2.

b 1 SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

o 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

—3 (In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.)

e 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

o I know thy mercy cannot fail;
— Let me that mercy share.

HYMN 53. 8s. *Bet*

Faith fainting.

e 1 ENCOMPASSED with clo
Just ready all hope to re
I pant for the light of thy face,
And fear it will never be mine:
p Disheartened with waiting so lo
I sink at thy feet with my load;
All-plaintive I pour out my son
And stretch forth my hands unt

—2 Shine, Lord, and my terror sh
The blood of atonement apply;
And lead me to Jesus for peace,
The rock that is higher than I:
o Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy
Thy presence is fair to behold;
—Attend to my sorrows and cries,
e My groanings that cannot be tol

—3 If sometimes I strive, as I mo
My hold on thy promise to keep

o Almighty to rescue thou art;
Thy grace is my shield and my tower:
o Come, succour and gladden my heart,
Let this be the day of thy power. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 54. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

Self-Examination.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:—
f Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove—
Every trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Saviour's love?

e 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
d You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it so with you?

o 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred—
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

—8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day. NEWTON.

The [illegible]
And sprinkle his heart with the blo

2 With me, if of old thou hast stro
And kindly withheld me from sin;
Resolved, by the strength of thy lo
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive,
Invincible mercy exert,
And keep my weak graces alive,
And set up thy rest in my heart.

3 If, when I have put thee to grie
And madly to folly returned,
Thy goodness has been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourned;
O Spirit of pity and grace,
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall, and to grieve thee, no mo

e 4 If now I lament after God,
And pant for a taste of his love—
e If Jesus, who poured out his bloo
Obtained me a mansion above;—
o Come, heavenly Comforter, com
Sweet witness of mercy divine!
o And make me thy permanent ho
[illegible] thine.

But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

c 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

a 5 Yea, more—with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

e 6 Lord, why is this? I trembling cried;
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
d "'Tis in this way (the Lord replied,)
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

7 "These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free,
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou mayst seek thy all in me." NEWTON.

HYMN 57. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [*]

Inconstancy lamented.

1 DEAR Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passion cease,
And I enjoy a lasting peace?

● 2 Here I repent, and sin again,
Sometimes revive, sometimes am slain;
Slain with the same malignant dart,
Which, oh! too often wounds my heart.

—3 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee—
● The fulness of thy promise prove,
And feast on thine eternal love? DORRINGTON.

HYMN 58. L. M. *Bath.* [b *]

Conflict between Sin and Holiness. Gal. v. 17

1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within—
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!

s 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
—I feel its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward cou

s 5 How short the joys thy visits give!
How long thine absence, Lord, I grie
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or interrupt its rays at noon!

—6 Great God, assist me through the fi
Make me to triumph in thy might:
Thou the desponding heart canst rais
The victory mine, and thine the prais

HYMN 59. C. M. *Tunbri*

Watchfulness and Prayer.

e 1 ALAS, what hourly dangers rise
What snares beset my way!
—To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

p 2 How oft my mournful thoughts co
And melt in flowing tears!
e My weak resistance, ah, how vain!

—5 When strong temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside;
o My God, thy powerful aid impart—
My guardian and my guide.

—6 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
o And bid the tempter flee;
—And never let me go astray
From happiness and thee. STEELE.

HYMN 60. 8, 7 & 4. *Helmsley.* [*]

Hope encouraged. Ps. xlii. 5.

e 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
o Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

—2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
o Thou shalt conquer—
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

—3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
o Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

—4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
o His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

—5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
o Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
o Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join? FAWCETT.

3 With these, to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand;
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promised land.

4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promised it to me;—
The length and breadth of all the plain
As far as faith can see.

5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountain's edge,
O save me, lest I fall!

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

HYMN 62. L. P. M. *Sheffi*

Assurance. Jer. xxxi. 3.

1 JESUS, I know, hath died for me
This is my hope, my joy, my re
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,

—3 Fixed on this rock will I remain,
e When heart shall fail, and flesh decay;—
g A rock which shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away!
s Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love! LYNDALL.

HYMN 63. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [b]

Christ, the Believer's Ark. 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

1 THE deluge, at the Almighty's call,
In what impetuous streams it fell!
Swallowed the mountains in its rage,
And swept a guilty world to hell.

2 In vain the tallest sons of pride
Fled from the close pursuing wave;
Nor could their mightiest towers defend,
Nor swiftness 'scape, nor courage save.

e 3 How dire the wreck! how loud the roar!
How shrill the universal cry—
Of millions in the last despair—
Re-echoed from the lowering sky.

e 4 Yet Noah, humble, happy saint,
Surrounded with the chosen few,
Sat in his ark, secure from fear,
And sang the grace that steered him through.

o 5 So may I sing, in Jesus safe,
While storms of vengeance round me fall;
Conscious how high my hopes are fixed,
Beyond what shakes this earthly ball.

—6 Enter thine ark, while patience waits,
Nor ever quit that sure retreat;
o Then the wide flood that buries earth,
Shall waft thee to a fairer seat.

s 7 Nor wreck nor ruin there is seen;
There not a wave of trouble rolls;
But the bright rainbow round the throne,
Seals endless life to all their souls. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 64. 8 & 7. *Emmaus.* [*]

Christ, a Friend closer than a Brother. Prov. xviii. 24.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:

—Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brou
We will love thee as we ought.

HYMN 65. C. M. *St. Ann's.*

Manna, or Daily Supply. Exod.

1 MANNA to Israel well supplied
The want of other bread;
While God is able to provide,
His people will be fed.

2 Of his kind care, how sweet a proo
It suited every taste:
Who gathered most had just enough,

e 6 Vain their attempts to store it up;
This was to tempt the Lord:
o Israel must live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard. NEWTON.

HYMN 66. C. M. *York.* [*]

Joys of Saints. Neh. ix. 10.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
e All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

—2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;—
o There fruits of heavenly joy and peace,
Are found—and there alone.

e 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
— A sense of pardoning love,—
o A hope that triumphs over death,
o Gives joys like those above.

—4 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine—
o Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

—5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
o Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind. NEWTON.

HYMN 67. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [*]

Walking with God. Gen. v. 24.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,—
A calm and heavenly frame;
And light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

e 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?

—3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
e *But they have* left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

And purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 68. C. M. *Abridge.*

Light shining out of Darkness.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

It guides me in the peaceful way;
I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining wealth?
The strength of youth, the bloom of health?—
What are all joys, compared with those,
Thine everlasting word bestows?

e 3 Long unalliured, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed:
—Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
o And straight I turned unto my God
e 4 What though it pierced my fainting heart—
o I bless the hand that caused the smart;
e It taught my tears awhile to flow,
o But saved me from eternal woe.
e 5 Oh! hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised;
And still the snare in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.
o 6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where, in thy presence, fully blest,
Thy chosen saints forever rest. COWPER.

HYMN 70. C. M. *Barby.* [*]

Submission.

1 O LORD, my best desire fulfill,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

e 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

—3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

o 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
e Shall I resist them both?
e *A poor blind creature of a day?*
And crushed before the moth?

To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—who governs all—
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he please.

3 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will?
—Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.

—5 It is the Lord—whose matchless sl
Can from afflictions raise—
Matter, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

—6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his Name!—
Whose gracious promise, sealed with
Must ever be the same.

—2 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And make me truly bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal, grow cold.

o 3 Let mockers scoff, the world defame,
And treat me with disdain;
Still may I glory in thy name,
And count reproach my gain.

o 4 To thee I cheerfully submit,
And all my powers resign;
Let Wisdom point out what is fit,
And I'll no more repine. KIRHAM.

HYMN 73. C. M. *Reading.* [*]

Contentment. Phil. iv. 11.

1 FIERCE passions discompose the mind,
As tempests vex the sea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we trust in thee.

2 In vain by reason, and by rule,
We try to bend the will;
For none, but in the Saviour's school,
Can learn the heavenly skill.

3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,
His gracious words to hear;
Contented with my present state,
I cast on him my care.

4 "Art thou a sinner, soul?" he said,
"Then how canst thou complain?
"How light thy troubles here, if weighed
"With everlasting pain!

5 "If thou of murmuring wouldst be cured,
"Compare thy griefs with mine;
"Think what my love for thee endured—
"And thou wilt not repine.

6 "'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
"And I do all things well;
"Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,
"And rise with me to dwell.

7 "In life my grace shall strength supply,
"Proportioned to thy day;
"*At death thou still* shalt find me nigh,
"*To wipe thy* tears away."

For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abra'am found: he raised the kn
d God saw, and said, "Forbear;—
"Yon ram shall yield his meaner life:
"Behold the victim there."

—3 Once David seemed Saul's certain pre
d But hark! the foe's at hand:
—Saul turns his arms another way,
To save the invaded land.

4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more;
o But God prepared a fish, to save,
And bear him to the shore.

—5 Blest proofs of power and grace divin
That meet us in his word!
May every deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delayed;
But cannot come too late.

—Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,
Because young David's God is yours.

e 3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
To storm the invader's camp,—
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known;
And all the host was overthrown.

o 4 Oh! I have seen the day,
When, with a single word—
God helping me to say,
e "My trust is in the Lord,"—
o My soul has quelled a thousand foes,
Fearless of all that could oppose.

e 5 But unbelief, self-will,
Self-righteousness and pride—
How often do they steal
My weapons from my side!
o Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's Friend,
Will help his servant to the end. COWPER

HYMN 76. C. M. *York.* [*]

The Lord that healeth. Exod. xv.

1 HEAL us, EMMANUEL;—here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch:
Deep wounded souls to thee repair;
e And, Saviour, we are such.

—2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
e But wilt thou pity us the less?—
d Be that far from thee, Lord!

—3 Remember him who once applied,
With trembling, for relief;
d "Lord, I believe," with tears he cried;
"O help my unbelief."

—4 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtues stole,
d Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace;
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

—5 Concealed amidst the gathering throng
She would have shunned thy view;
And *if her faith* was firm and strong,
Had some misgivings too.

Before the Father's face we stand.

2 To reconcile offending man,
Make Justice drop her angry rod!
What creature would have formed the plan
Or who fulfill it, but—a God?

3 No drop remains of all the curse,
For wretches who deserved the whole:
No arrows, dipped in wrath, to pierce
The guilty, but returning soul.

4 Peace, by such means, so dearly bought
What rebel could have hoped to see?
Peace—by his injured Sovereign wrought
His Sovereign fastened to the tree!

5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare;
For strife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war;
They hate the soul who hates his sins.

6 Let them in horrid league agree!
They may assault, they may distress;
But cannot queneh thy love to me,
[illegible] my peace.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

e 4 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
o Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
e And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
o Revived my soul with grace.

o 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
e Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy

—7 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
o And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

o 8 Through all eternity—to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
e For O, eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise. Addison.

HYMN 79. C. M. *Swanwick.* [*]

Encouragement to trust and love God. Ps. xxxiv.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

o 2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

o 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all,
Who make his Name their trust.

—4 O make but trial of his love,—
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise, the mount,—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

g 2 In him all the fulness of God
Forever transcendently shines;
e Though once like a mortal he stood,
To finish his gracious designs
p Though once he was nailed to the cross,
Vile rebels like me to set free;
—His glory sustained no loss,
g Eternal his kingdom shall be.

—3 His wisdom, his love, and his power,
Seemed then with each other to vie;
e When sinners he stooped to restore,
p Poor sinners condemned to die!
d He laid all his grandeur aside,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay:
Poor sinners he loved, till he died
To wash their pollution away.

—4 O sinner, believe and adore
The Saviour so rich to redeem;
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him:
d Come, all ye who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burdened with sin,
Draw near, while with terror you're tossed;
Believe—and your peace shall begin.

—5 Now, sinner, attend to his call,
d "Whoso hath an ear let him hear!"
—He promises mercy to all,
Who feel their sad wants, far and near;
o He riches has ever in store,
And treasures that never can waste:
o Here's pardon, here's grace, yea, and more—
u Here's glory eternal at last. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 82. L. M. *Armley.* [*]

All good in CHRIST.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend;—
e And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go—
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

—5 Thy Name, my [illegible]
o Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
d Depart from thee?—'tis death—'tis mor
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

e 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
—Still let me live beneath thine eye,
o For life, eternal life is thine.

HYMN 83. L. M. *Leeds.*

Temptation; or, Safety in the Sta

d 1 THE billows swell, the winds are
Clouds overcast my wintry sky
Out of the depths to thee I call,
e My fears are great, my strength is sma

—2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the
Defend me from each threatening ill,
d Control the waves—say, "Peace—be

HYMN 84. 7s. *Hotham.* [*]

Christ, the Refuge from the Storm. Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,—
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,—
Thou art full of truth and grace COWPER.

HYMN 85. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Jesus, the Pilot. Luke viii. 22.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine!

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;

5 O where is calmness fled,
And storms and winds subside;
Lord, to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side:
For more the treacherous calm I dr
Than tempests bursting o'er my hea

6 Come, heavenly Wind, and blo
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heaven, my destined place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world, and sin, behin

HYMN 86. L. M. *Castle*

My Redeemer liveth. Job x

1 "I KNOW that my Redeemer l
What comforts this sweet s
He lives, he lives, who once was d
He lives, my ever-living head!

2 He lives—triumphant from the g

He lives—to calm my troubled heart,
He lives—all blessings to impart.

6 He lives—my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,
He lives—and loves me to the end;
He lives—and while he lives I'll sing,
He lives—my prophet, priest, and king.

7 He lives—and grants me daily breath,
He lives—and I shall conquer death!
He lives—my mansion to prepare,
He lives—to bring me safely there.

8 He lives—all glory to his name!
He lives—my Jesus, still the same:
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!" MEDLEY.

HYMN 87. 7s. *Fairfax.* [*]

Life and Strength in Christ.

1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed;
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas! I lie,
Withered, without thee, and die;
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustained by thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end!
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 88. L. M. *Castle Street.* [*]

Jehovah-Jesus.

1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all;
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, SAVIOUR, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning, or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw Him shine—
He shines eternal ages hence

To worship him who died for me.

e 6 As man, he pities my complaint;
o His power and truth are all divine;
—He will not fail, he cannot faint,
g Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

HYMN 89. L. M. *Leea*

Assurance in Christ our Righteousness
Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteous
My beauty are, my glorious dr
o 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array
With joy shall I lift up my head.

e 2 When from the dust of death I ris
To claim my mansion in the skies;
—E'en then shall this be all my plea—
d "Jesus hath lived—and died for me

—3 Bold shall I stand in that great da
For who aught to my charge shall la
Fully, through thee absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and sh

HYMN 90. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

Holy Fortitude; or, The Christian Soldier.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
c And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

—2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease?
e Whilst others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

—3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
c Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

o 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
c Increase my courage, Lord;
o I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
o They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

o 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies—
g The glory shall be thine. WATTS

HYMN 91. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

God the Pilgrim's Guide. Ps. xlviii. 14.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

o 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;

His presence shall my wants s
And guard me with a watchfu
My noonday walks he shall at
And all my midnight hours de

2 When in the sultry glebe I
Or on the thirsty mountains p
To fertile vales and dewy mea
My weary wandering steps he
Where peaceful rivers, soft an
Amid the verdant landscapes

3 Though in a bare and rugg
Through devious, lonely wild
—His bounty shall my pains be
The barren wilderness shall s
With lively greens and herba
And streams shall murmur al

4 Though in the paths of dea
With gloomy horrors overspr
My steadfast heart shall fear
For thou, O Lord, art with m
Thy friendly crook shall give
And guide me through the di

Escorted by a shining band,
To take his place at God's right hand.

—4 Still are these glorious hosts above
Employed in messages of love;
On saints below they cheerful wait,
Nor think the work beneath their state.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my living Friend,
May these thy servants me attend,
Through life; and when I quit this clay,
o Safe to thine arms my soul convey. NEEDHAM.

HYMN 94. C. M. *Devizes.* [*]

Servants of God always safe.

1 HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
o Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

—2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

e 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
o They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

—4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

e 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
o We'll praise thee for thy mercies past;
e And humbly hope for more.

—6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
e Shall join our souls to thee. ADDISON.

HYMN 95. L. M. *Pleyel's.* [*]

Confidence and Joy in God. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

e 1 ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil;

p 4 Although assurance all be lost,
And blooming hopes cut off I see;
o Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
g And glory that he died for me.

HYMN 96. C. M. *Zion*

Christ the Believer's Song

e 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying I
We love to hear of thee;
—No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

e 2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak;
o And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

—3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
o We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.

—4 When we appear in yonder cloud

e 2 Vain, thy entertaining sights;
False, thy promises renewed;
All the pomp of thy delights
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit for heaven above,
Object of the noblest love.

—3 Let not, Lord, my wandering mind
Follow after fleeting toys;
Since in thee alone I find
Solid and substantial joys,—
o Joys that, never overpast,
Through eternity shall last.

e 4 Lord, how happy is a heart,
After thee while it aspires!
—True and faithful as thou art,
Thou shalt answer its desires:
g It shall see the glorious scene
Of thine everlasting reign. MADAN'S COL.

HYMN 98. 7 & 6. *Amsterdam.* [*]

The Pilgrim's Song.

o 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place:
p Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
s Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

—2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
e So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

d 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
o Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
s Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
e *All our sorrows* left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven. MADAN'S

No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting
For God's own hand shall wipe the f
There my Redeemer lives, &c.

3 Before the throne a crystal river glid
Immortal verdure decks its cheerful s
There the fair tree of life majestic rea
Its blooming head, and sovereign virt
There my Redeemer lives, &c.

4 No rising sun his transient beams dis
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays
The Godhead there celestial glory sh
Th' exalted Lamb eternal radiance sp
There my Redeemer lives, &c.

5 One distant glimpse my eager passior
Jesus, to thee my longing soul aspire
When shall I at my heavenly home a
When leave this earth, and when beg
For there my Saviour is all bright and
O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns

With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, blameless, undefiled:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

5 They are lights upon the earth,
o Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
g With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity. HUMPHREYS

HYMN 101. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

Supreme Love to Christ.

1 MY gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ—
To feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

e 2 He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
—To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell;
o To shine with the angels of light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
g To view with eternal delight,—
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

e 3 In Mesech as yet I reside—
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God.

To join in thy praises above—
To gaze on thee—world without end
And feast on thy ravishing love?

—5 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again,—
o Perfection of glory reigns there.
—This soul and this body shall shine,
In robes of salvation and praise;
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays

d 6 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and s
And pass in a moment away:
o The crown that my Saviour bestow
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
g My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer is mine.

HYMN 102. 5 & 6. *Neu*

—Thy kindness forever
To men we will tell;
o And say, our dear Saviour
Redeemed us from hell.
— 3 Preserve us in love,
While here we abide:
O never remove
Thy presence, nor hide
Thy glorious salvation;
o Till each of us see,
With joy, the blest vision,
Completed in thee!

HYMN 103. S. M. *Nativity.* [*]

Song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
o Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
e 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
—Sing how he intercedes above,
e For those whose sins he bore.
— 3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspires our song.
o 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
u Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
e 5 Soon shall we hear him say,
d "Ye blessed children, come;"
—Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.
o 6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
g And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb. HAMMOND.

HYMN 104. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [*]

The Christian's Song.

1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing;

e 3 Though unwo[illegible]
—Can our humble praises hear,
o Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and s

4 Lead us to that blissful state,
Where thou reign'st supremely g
e Look with pity from thy throne;
Send the Holy Spirit down.

—5 While on earth ordained to stay
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

o 6 Then with angels we'll again
u Wake a louder, louder strain;
s There in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.

—7 There no tongue shall silent
All shall join sweet harmony;
g That through heaven's all-spa
Praise to God may ever soun

[illegible] thy mercies never fail;
[illegible]

His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honours he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
The expenses of his heavenly birth.

5 The noblest creature seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above!
God gives him all he can bestow—
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My soul is ravished at the thought—
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies! COWPER.

HYMN 106. 5 & 6. *Wesley.* [*]

God's Servants should praise and extol Him.

1 YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

g 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.

o 3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

e *4 Then let us adore,*
And give him his right;

1 COME, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
e Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

o 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
g Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made.
Our souls on thee be stayed,
e Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
o Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
e Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,

HYMN 108. L. M. *Babylon.* [b]

The Sinner weighed, and found wanting. Dan. iv. 27

1 RAISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye—
Behold God's balance lifted high!
There shall his justice be displayed,
And there thy hope and life be weighed.

2 See in one scale his perfect law;
Mark with what force its precepts draw;
e Would'st thou the awful test sustain?—
d Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

—3 Behold the hand of God appears,
To trace those dreadful characters;
d "*Tekel*—thy soul is wanting found,
"And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

e 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace;
Let horror shake thy tottering knees;
p Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

—5 One only hope may yet prevail—
Christ has a weight to turn the scale;
o Still does the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

—6 Great God, exert thy power to save;
Deep on the heart these truths engrave;
The ponderous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

DODDRIDGE

HYMN 109. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

Sinner, prepare to meet God!

e 1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure,
In the Lord's avenging day?

d 2 See, his mighty arm is bared;
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
e For his judgment stand prepared—
Thou must either break or bow.

g 3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax:
p *What will then* become of thee!

e 4 Who his advent may abide?
—You who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath;
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys. NEWT

HYMN 110. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]

Sinners entreated to forsake their Ways. Isa. lv. 7

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
e His mercy speaks to-day;
—He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

o 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

o 4 But he who turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

—5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

o 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God:
e He will forgive your numerous faults
Through a Redeemer's blood. FAWCE

HYMN 111. 8, 7, & 4. *Littleton.* [b]

Sinners entreated to hear.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?

e Every sentence—O how tender!
—Every line is full of love;
a Listen to it—
o Every line is full of love.

—2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim,
o To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name."
e How important!
d Free forgiveness in his name!

—3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
e Tender heralds—
o Chase away the falling tears.

—4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
e We entreat you,
d Take the warnings they afford.

e 5 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offered to you by the Lord!
p Can you slight it—
Offered to you by the Lord!

—6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
o Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
s Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey. ALLEN.

HYMN 112. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b *]

Burdened Sinners invited to Christ. Matt. ix. 23

1 COME, ye weary souls oppressed,
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood:
To the Son of David cry;
In his word he's passing by.

Let me know thy grace—
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

8 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed,
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

9 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
"Here's the soul that perished, suing
"For the boasted Saviour's aid!"

10 *Saved*—the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

e In vain they call, in vain they cry,
—Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
o 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
o 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 115. C. M. *Mear.* [*]

Converting Grace. Ps. xlv. 3—5.

1 HAIL, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign,
At thy commanding word.
e 2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,—
They pierce the hardest heart;
o Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
g 3 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.
—4 And when thy victories are complete,
And all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
To sing thy conquering grace—
e 5 O may my humble soul be found
Among that favoured band;
o And I with them thy praise will sound,
Throughout Emmanuel's land. WALLIN.

HYMN 116. L. M. *Bath.* [*]

Revival of Religion hoped for.

e 1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way,
To see the work of God decline,
—Methought I heard the Saviour say,
g "Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
—2 "Though for a time I hide my face,
"Rely upon my love and power,
"*Still wrestle* at the throne of grace,
"*And wait* for a reviving hour.

[illegible] to the [illegible] people. [illegible]

1 THE Lord on mortal worms looks
From his celestial throne;
And when the wicked swarm around,
He well discerns his own.

2 He sees the tender hearts, that mourn
The scandals of the times;
And join their efforts to oppose
The wide-prevailing crimes.

3 Low in the social band he bows
His still attentive ear;
And, while his angels sing around,
Delights their voice to hear.

4 The chronicles of heaven shall keep
Their words in transcript fair;
In the Redeemer's book of life,
Their names recorded are.

5 "Yes," saith the Lord, "the world sh
"These humble souls are mine:
"These, when my jewels I produce,
"Shall in full lustre shine.

6 "When deluges of fiery wrath
"My foes away shall bear;
"That hand which strikes the wicked th
"Shall all my children spare." D

Nor words, nor thoughts can fully paint
This worse distemper—sin.

3 It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

4 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent, and lame;
It overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and shame.

5 (A thousand evil thoughts intrude,
Tumultuous in my breast;
Which indispose me for my food,
And rob me of my rest.)

6 Lord, I am sick; regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?

HYMN 119. L. P. M. *Sheffield.* [b *]

Efficacy of God's Word. Jer. xxiii. 29.

e 1 WITH reverend awe, tremendous Lord,
We hear the thunders of thy word;
o The pride of Lebanon it breaks:
o Swift the celestial fire descends,
The flinty rock in pieces rends,
g And earth to its deep centre shakes.

—2 Arrayed in majesty divine;
Here sanctity and justice shine,
e And horror strikes the rebel through;
g While loud this awful voice makes known
The wonders which thy sword hath done,
a And what thy vengeance yet shall do.

o 3 So spread the honours of thy name;
g The terrors of a God proclaim;
—Thick let the pointed arrows fly;
e Till sinners, humbled in the dust,
Shall own the execution just,
—And bless the hand by which they die.

o 4 Then clear the dark, tempestuous day
And radiant beams of love display;
Each prostrate soul let mercy raise;
e *So shall the bleeding captives feel*

...ge the truth to
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page
g Majestic like the sun;
—It gives a light to every age,
d It gives—but borrows none.

—3 The hand that gave it still sup
The gracious light and heat;
o His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise,—but never set.

o 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shi
With beams of heavenly day.

—5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love;
g Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

HYMN 101

—3 Here we come thy Name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;—
Make the fruits of grace abound,—
Bring relief from all complaints:
o Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above. NEWTON.

HYMN 122. H. M. *Bethesda.* [*]

Sabbath Morning.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return,
e Lord, make these moments blest.
—From the low train of mortal toys,
o I soar to reach immortal joys.

—2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

o 3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
e Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain. HAYWARD.

HYMN 123. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

The Lord's Day.

1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

e 2 *Lord, may we still* remember thee,
And more in knowledge grow;

'Twas greater—[illegible]

HYMN 124. C. M. *Hymn*

Devotion.

e 1 WHILST thee I seek, protecti
Be my vain wishes stilled;
—And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

e 2 Thy love the power of thought be
To thee my thoughts would soar:
o Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

—3 In each event of life, how clear
e Thy ruling hand I see!
e Each blessing to my soul most dear
— Because conferred by thee.

o 4 In every joy that crowns my day
e In every pain I bear,
o My heart shall find delight in prai
e Or seek relief in prayer.

[illegible] wings my favou

Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Show us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

3 Within these walls let holy praise,
And love and concord dwell;
e Here give the troubled conscience peace,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
e And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

—5 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
e And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

o 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place. NEWTON.

HYMN 126. 7s. *Fairfax.* [b]

A Blessing humbly requested.

1 LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
e O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
—Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
o Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

—3 In thine own appointed way,
a Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

—4 Send some message from thy word,
That *may joy and peace* afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

HYMN 127. 8 & 7. 2L

Love divine.

1 LOVE divine, all love excel
Joy of heaven, to earth co
Fix in us thy humble dwelling:
All thy faithful mercies crown.
e Jesus, thou art all compassion!
Pure, unbounded love, thou ar
o Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

a 2 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving
Into every troubled breast!
e Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
—Take away the power of sinnin
Alpha and Omega be;
o End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

—3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
and never—

HYMN 128. C. M. *Reading.* [b *]

Seed in different Grounds. Matt. xiii. 3.

1 YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground:
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

2 The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade;
But ill repays the sower's toil,
Soon withered, scorched, and dead.

3 The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

4 The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain;
The watchful birds the prey divide,
And pick up all the grain.

o 5 But where the Lord of grace and power
Has blessed the happy field;
How plenteous is the golden store,
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

e 6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
—Let the same hand that gives the seed,
Provide a fruitful place. COWPER.

HYMN 129. L. M. *Sicilian.* [*]

Close of Worship.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace. HART.

HYMN 130. L. M. *Portugal.* [*]

Close of Worship.

1 THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts

Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save ;—

2 Through the rich merits of that bloo
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make th' eternal covenant sure,
On which our hopes are built ;—

3 Perfect our souls in every grace,
To accomplish all his will ;
And all that's pleasing in his sight,
Inspire us to fulfill !

4 For the great Mediator's sake
We every blessing pray ;
With glory let his name be crowned,
Through heaven's eternal day.

HYMN 132. H. M. *Allerto*

Jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow ;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound :
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

— 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
o The year, &c.

— 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
o The year, &c.

— 6 Jesus, our great high priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
s The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home! TOPLADY.

HYMN 133. C. M. *Zion. Hymn 2d.* [* b]

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER of all, we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heaven adored;
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

2 Forever hallowed be thy name,
By all below the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

3 Thy glorious purpose, Lord, fulfill;
Let all thy glory see;
And, as in heaven thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

4 Our wants with every morning grow,
With food these wants supply;
And on our souls the BREAD bestow
To eat—and never die!

5 Our sins before thee we confess;
O may they be forgiven!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg of heaven.

6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
From evil guard our way;
*And in temp*tation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

Yet who that knows the worth of pray
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud w
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to figl
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

e 4 While Moses stood with arms spres
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fai
That moment Amalek prevailed.

5 Have you no words? Ah, think a
Words flow apace when you complai
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly s
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for r

HYMN 135. 7s. *Fairfa*

He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates. NEWTON.

HYMN 136. C. M. *Bangor.* [b]

Public Fast. Joel i. 14.

1 SEE, gracious Lord, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments, from thy hand,
Thy dreadful powers display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name.

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
When God, our God, is near. STEELE

HYMN 137. C. M. *Wantage.* [b]

Public Fast. Gen. xviii. 23—32.

1 WHEN Abrah'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood;
And with a humble fervent prayer,
For guilty Sodom sued:—

2 With what success, what wondrous grace—
Was his petition crowned!
The Lord would spare, if in that place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Great God, and shall a nation pray,
And plead with thee in vain?

e 1 O RIGHTEOUS God, thou
We tremble at thy dreadfu
And all our crying guilt we own,
In dust and tears before thy throne

e 2 So manifold our crimes have bee
Such crimson tincture dyes our sin
That, could we all its horrors know
Our streaming eyes with blood mig

o 3 Estranged from reverential awe,
We trample on thy sacred law:
p And though such wonders grace h
Anew we crucify thy Son.

e 4 Justly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thy ha
a And bathed in heaven, thy sword
To drink our blood and seal our d

e 5 Yet hast thou not a remnant he
Whose souls are filled with pious
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they l

p 6 Behold their tears, attend thei
Nor turn away their secret groar
With these we join our humble
Our nation shield, our country s

e 3 Eternal Judge, the action cease;
Our lips are sealed in conscious shame;
b 'Tis ours in sackcloth to confess,
—And thine, the sentence to proclaim.

4 Ten thousand witnesses arise;
Thy mercies and our crimes appear
More than the stars that deck the skies,
And all our dreadful guilt declare.

e 5 How shall we come before thy face,
And in thine awful presence bow?
What offerings can secure thy grace,
Or calm the terrors of thy brow?

e 6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed;
Rivers of oil might blaze in vain;
Or the first-born's devoted head
With horrid gore thine altar stain.

—7 But thy own Lamb, all-gracious God,
Whom impious sinners dared to slay!
o Has sovereign virtue in his blood
To purge the nation's guilt away.

—8 With humble faith to that we fly;
With that may we be sprinkled o'er;
Trembling no more in dust we lie,
And dread thy hand and bar no more. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 140. L. M. *Weldon.* [*]

Thanksgiving: Seasons crowned with Goodness. Ps. lxv. 11.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ;
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

RIPPON'S Co

HYMN 141. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

Dedication of a House for Worship. Ps. lxxxvii. 5.

e 1 AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temple for his own?

o 2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

—3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards our synagogues in peace!
That no tumultuous foes invade,
To fill our worshippers with dread.

e 4 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place,
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

—5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of his train;
e While power divine his Word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

g 6 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here. DODDRIDG

HYMN 142. H. M. *Allerton.* [*]

Dedication of a House for Worship.

1 IN sweet exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days;

g He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains, or sinks, the distant poles.

e 2 To earth he bends his throne—
His throne of grace divine;
o Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories shine.
o Fair Salem, still his chosen rest,
Is with his smiles and presence blest.

— 3 Great King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome—
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show,
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may thine ears attend
Thy people's humble cries;
And grateful praise ascend,
All fragrant, to the skies:
o Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.

— 5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above:
o And willing crowds surround thy board,
With sacred joy, and sweet accord.

— 6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise;
And shine like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days:
g Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore. FRANCIS.

HYMN 143. L. M. *Old Hundred.* [*]

Ordination: Joshua the High Priest. Zech. iii. 6, 7.

1 GREAT Lord of angels, we adore
The grace that builds thy courts below
And through ten thousand sons of light,
Stoops to regard what mortals do.

e 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,
—Successive pastors thou dost raise,
Thy charge to keep, thy house to guide,
And form a people for thy praise

When shall we reach those radiant co
And all their joy and honour share?
—6 Yet while these labours we pursue,
Thus distant from thy heavenly throne
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,
g And half their heaven shall here be kn

HYMN 144. H. M. *Whitch*

Ordination. Ministers a sweet Savour to God. 2

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wi
e While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breathed on every side:
—Balmy and rich the odours rise,
o And fill the earth, and reach the skies.
— 2 Ten thousand dying souls,
Its influence feel—and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
o They breathe anew, and rise and sing—
a Jesus the Lord, their conquering King.
e 3 But sinners scorn the grace,
That brings salvation nigh:

HYMN 145. L. M. *Leeds. Oporto.* [*]

Gospel Ministry instituted by Christ. Eph. iv. 11, 12.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
Smile on our homage and our vows;
While, with a grateful heart, we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprung th' apostles' honoured name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic sage,
And hence the evangelic page.

4 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and teachers rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still gild a long—extended line.

5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
o While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

o 6 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

—7 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow:
o Pastors and people shout his praise,
g Through the long round of endless days. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 146. C. M. *Sunday.* [*]

Gospel Treasure in earthen Vessels.

1 HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favours, how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys;
Should gold and gems compare,
How mean! when set against those joys,
Thy poorest servants share!

—His hand, from crumbling dust, erect
6 His monuments of praise. Sa

HYMN 147. L. M. *Cartha*

Prayer for a sick Minister.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious
We bow our suppliant spirit
View the sad breast, the streaming ey
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

2 Thou know'st the anxious cares we
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.

3 With power benign, thy servant spa
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
Avert thy swift-descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

4 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to sa
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

5 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend

And in desponding accents said,
e "Ah! what must Israel do?"

—2 But he forgot the Lord, who lifts
The beggar to the throne,
Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts
Would soon be made his own.

d 3 What!—when a Paul has run his course,
Or when Apollos dies—
Is Israel left without resource?
And have we no supplies?

o 4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundless store;
—And shall be fed with what he gives,
g Who lives for evermore. COWPER.

HYMN 149. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [b *]

Death of a Minister.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

e 2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade?
p What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?—

—3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young—
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue;—

o 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

d 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide;
"For I will ne'er forsake my own,
"Whose souls in me confide."

o 6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
e When we are cold in dust. DODDRIDGE

3 While harps unnumbered sound
In yonder world above;
o His saints on earth admire his way
And glory in his love.
—4 His righteousness to faith reveal
Wrought out for guilty worms,
o Affords a hiding-place, and shield,
From enemies and storms.
—5 When troubles, like a burning s
Beat heavy on their head;
o To this high rock his people run,
And find a pleasing shade.
e 6 How glorious He!—how happy
In such a glorious friend!
o Whose love secures them all the v
o And crowns them at the end.

HYMN 151. L. M. *Mor*

Covenant Engagements joyfully recog

o 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed m
On thee, my Saviour, an
Well may this glowing heart rejoi
And tell its raptures all abroad.
e 2 O happy bond, that seals my vo

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear:
e Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 152. C. P. M. *Bradbury.* [*]

Covenant everlasting.

o 1 NOW for a hymn of praise to God!
Ye trophies of a Saviour's blood,
Join the sweet choir above;
All your harmonious accents bring,
Wake every high, celestial string,
To chant redeeming love.

—2 Ere God pronounced creation good,
Or bade the vast, unbounded flood
Through fixed channels run;
Ere light from ancient chaos sprung,
Or angels earth's formation sung,
He chose us in his Son.

g 3 Then was the covenant ordered sure
Through endless ages to endure,
By Israel's triune God:
—That none his covenant might evade,
With oaths and promises 'twas made,
e And ratified in blood.

o 4 God is the refuge of my soul,
Though tempests rage, though billows roll,
And hellish powers assail:
g Eternal walls are my defence,
Environed with Omnipotence—
What foe can e'er prevail?

—5 Then let infernal legions roar,
And waste their cursed, vengeful power;
d My soul their wrath disdains:
g In God, my refuge, I'm secure,
While covenant promises endure,
Or my Redeemer reigns.

HYMN 153. 11s. *Idumea.* [*]

Church in Affliction. Isa. xlix. 14—17.

e 1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing, thy strength is decayed

4 "I forget thee? I will not—I cannot;
"Engraved on my heart doth forever r
"The palms of my hands while I look
The wounds I received when sufferin

5 "I feel at my heart all thy sighs and
"For thou art most near me, my flesh ar
"In all thy distresses thy HEAD feels t
"Yet all are most needful, not one is ir

6 "Then trust me, and fear not; thy l
"My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my
"In love I correct thee, thy soul to ref
"To make thee at length in my likene

HYMN 154. 8 & 7. *Love dir*

Consolation of Israel. Luke ii.

1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;

d "Amidst my churches, lo, I stand,
"And hold the pastors in my hand.
2 "Thy works to me are fully known,
"Thy patience and thy toil I own;
"Thy views of gospel truth are clear,
"Nor canst thou other doctrine bear.
3 "Yet I must blame, while I approve:
"Where is thy first, thy fervent love?
"Dost thou forget my love to thee,
"That thine is grown so faint to me?
4 "Recall to mind the happy days,
"When thou wast filled with joy and praise;
"Repent—thy former works renew,
"Then I'll restore thy comforts too.
5 "Return at once, when I reprove,
"Lest I thy candlestick remove;
"And thou, too late, thy loss lament;
"I warn before I strike:—Repent."
e 6 Hearken to what the Spirit saith
To him who overcomes by faith;
o "The fruit of life's unfading tree
"In Paradise his food shall be." NEWTON.

HYMN 156. C. M. *York.* [*]

Christ's Address to the Church at Smyrna. Rev. ii. 11.

1 THE message first to Smyrna sent,
A message full of grace,
To all the Saviour's flock is meant,
In every age and place.
2 Thus to his church, his chosen bride,
Saith the great FIRST and LAST,
Who ever lives—though once he died!
d "Hold thy profession fast.
3 "Thy works and sorrow well I know,
"Performed and borne for me;
"Poor though thou art, despised and low,
"Yet who is rich like thee?
4 "I know thy foes, and what they say,
"How long they have blasphemed;
"The synagogue of Satan, they,
"Though they would Jews be deemed
5 "Though Satan for a season rage,
"And prisons be your lot;
"I am your friend, and I engage
"You shall not be forgot.

d 1 "WRITE to Sardis," saith the I
"And write what he declar
"He whose Spirit, and whose Word,
"Upholds the seven stars;
"All thy works and ways I search,
"Find thy zeal and love decayed;
"Thou art called a living church,
"But thou art cold and dead.
2 "Watch—remember—seek, and striv
"Exert thy former pains:
"Let thy timely care revive,
"And strengthen what remains:
"Cleanse thy heart, thy works amend,
"Former times to mind recall;
"Lest my sudden stroke descend,
"And smite thee once for all.
3 "Yet I number now in thee,
"A few who are upright;
"These my Father's face shall see,
"And walk with me in white:
"When in judgment I appear,
"They for mine shall stand confessed:
"Let my faithful servants hear,
"And woe be to the rest."

Go on my word and name to own,
For none shall rob thee of thy crown.

3 "Before thee see my mercy's door
"Stands open wide to shut no more;
"Fear not temptation's fiery day,
"For I will be thy strength and stay.

4 "Thou hast my promise, hold it fast;
"Thy trying hour will soon be past:
"Rejoice—for lo! I quickly come,
"To take thee to my heavenly home.

g 5 "A pillar there no more to move,
"Inscribed with all my names of love;
"A monument of mighty grace,
"Thou shalt forever have a place."

—6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepared and promised by the Lord;
Let him who hath the ear of faith,
Attend to what the Spirit saith. NEWTON.

HYMN 159. L. M. *Newcourt.* [b]

Christ's Address to the Church at Laodicea. Rev. iii. 14—20.

d 1 HEAR, what the Lord, the great Amen,
The true and faithful Witness, says;
He formed the vast creation's plan,
And searches all our hearts and ways.

2 To some he speaks as once of old,
d "I know thee—thy profession's vain;
"Since thou art neither hot nor cold,
"I'll spit thee from me with disdain.

3 "Thou boastest, 'I am wise and rich,
"Increased in goods, and nothing need;'
"And dost not know thou art a wretch,
"Naked, and poor, and blind, and dead.

4 "Yet while I thus rebuke, I love;
"My message is in mercy sent,
"That thou mayst my compassion prove;
"I can forgive if thou repent.

5 "Wouldst thou be truly rich and wise,
"Come, buy my gold in fire well tried;
"My ointment, to anoint thine eyes,
"My robe, thy nakedness to hide.

6 "See, at thy door I stand and knock·
"Poor sinner, shall I wait in vain?

1 Our eyes delighted trace;
Thy love in long succession shown
To Zion's chosen race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

3 Thee let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore;
Joined to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 Thy covenant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,—
Which closer still engage their hearts,
To honour thy commands.

5 How great thy mercies, Lord!
How plenteous is thy grace!
Which, in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

6 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God;
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad. SALI

HYMN 161. C. M. *St. Ann*

o 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
—4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
o And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.
e 5 If orphans they are left behind,
— Thy guardian care we trust;
e That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
a If weeping o'er their dust. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 162. S. M. *Bingham.* [*]

Infants given to God in Baptism. Isa. lxv. 23.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.
e 2 Oh, what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.
— 3 Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine. FELLOWS.

HYMN 163. C. M. *York.* [*]

Young Persons invited to seek and love Christ. Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.
d 3 "The soul who longs to see my face,
"Is sure my love to gain;
"And those who early seek my grace,
"Shall never seek in vain."
e 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?

1 HOW soft the words my Saviou
How kind the promises he ma
A bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor will he quench the smoking flax.

2 The humble poor he won't despise,
Nor on the contrite sinner frown;
His ear is open to their cries,
He quickly sends salvation down.

3 When piety in early minds,
Like tender buds begins to shoot,
He guards the plants from threatening
And ripens blossoms into fruit.

4 With humble souls he bears a part,
In all the sorrows they endure;
Tender and gracious is his heart,
His promise is forever sure.

5 He sees the struggles that prevail
Between the powers of grace and sin;
He kindly listens while they tell
The bitter pangs they feel within.

6 Though pressed with fears on every
They know not how the strife may end

d 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love!
e Your youth is stained with many crimes,
o But mercy reigns above.

d 4 True you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done,
Would rob you of your rest.

—5 For you the public prayer is made,
Oh, join the public prayer!
p For you the secret tear is shed,
Oh, shed yourselves a tear.

6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach. COWPER.

HYMN 166. 7s. *Redeeming Love.* [b *]

Prayer for young Persons.

1 NOW may fervent prayer arise,
Winged with faith, and pierce the skies;
Fervent prayer will bring us down
Gracious answers from the throne.

e 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see—
e See themselves—and look on thee.

—3 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

4 Show them what their ways have been;
Show them the desert of sin;
e Then thy dying love reveal;
This shall melt a heart of steel.

—5 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, clouds, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

—6 Bless us all, both old and young:
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love. NEWTON

"Let the children also go."

e 3 When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful sword
Slew with an avenging hand,
All the first-born of the land;—

o 4 Then thy people's doors he pas
Where the bloody sign was place
e Hear us now upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Christ for thes

e 5 Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce, malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flig
Keeps them ever in his sight.

—6 Spread thy pinions, King of kin
Hide them safe beneath thy wing
e Lest the ravenous birds of prey
Seize and bear the brood away.

HYMN 168. 8 & 7. C

Surrender to infinite Love. SA

1 WHEN I view my Saviour
For my sins, upon the tr

o 4 Now the gracious Mediator,
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace.

—5 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
o All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.

—6 Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
e I am thy most costly purchase;
Take possession of thy own. LEE.

HYMN 169. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b *]

Christ's Flesh Meat indeed. SACRAMENTAL. John vi. 53—56.

1 HERE at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
Oh, what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine—
But think on nobler good.

4 The bitter torments he endured,
Upon th' accursed tree,
For me—each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all procured for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Saviour—so divine!
Well thou mayst claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine. STENNET.

HYMN 170. C. M. *York. Barby.* [*]

Welcome to the Table. SACRAMENTAL.

1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were pressed to fill the cup.

"The banquet spread ...
e Dear Saviour, this is welcome new:
a Then I may venture too.
—5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place;
o Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

HYMN 171. L. M. *Glou*

Christ crucified. SACRAM

1 WHEN, on the cross, my I
Bleeding to death for w
—Satan and sin no more can move;
For I am all transformed to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thr
In every groan I bear a part;
e I view his wounds with streamin
p But see,—he bows his head and
—3 Come, sinners, view the Laml
a Wounded, and dead, and bathed
e Behold his side, and venture ne
—The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and p
... thirst reme

HYMN 172. C. M. *Barby.* [b *]

Jesus hasting to suffer. SACRAMENTAL.

e 1 THE Saviour—what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
—When, hasting to Jerusalem,
He marched before the rest!

o 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross:
e He longs to be baptized with blood!
He pants to reach the cross!

e 3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes, to us unknown,
o Forth to the task his spirit flew—
'Twas love that urged him on.

e 4 Lord, we return thee—what we can!
o Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation, to the dying MAN,
g And to the rising GOD!

—5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wondering eyes;
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
o And hasten to the skies. COWPER.

HYMN 173. 8, 7 & 4. *Helmsley.* [*]

It is finished. SACRAMENTAL.

e 1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
o See, it rends the rocks asunder—
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
d "It is finished!"—
e Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.

d 2 It is finished!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
o Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
d It is finished!—
e Saints, the dying words record.

—3 Finished—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
d It is finished!
—Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

Hallelujah.
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 174. 7s. *Fairfa*

It is good to be here. SACRAM

1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,
a Weep and love my life away
e While I see him on the tree,
a Weep—and bleed—and die for me!

—2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt:
p Ah, my soul, behold the load!
a Hast thou slain the Lamb of God!

d 3 Hark! his dying word, "Forgiv
"Father, let the sinner live:
"Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
"I thy ransom freely pay."

—4 While I hear this grace revealed
And obtain a pardon sealed,
All my soft affections move,
Wakened by the force of love.

d 5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dro
Now I see the bleeding Cross;
—Jesus died to set me free,
[illegible] and sin, and thee!

Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail:
Still they endure, and still they flow,
For all our woe a sovereign cure.

2 Blest be His wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died,
Such favours to impart.
His sacred blood shall make us clean
From every sin—and fit for God

3 To that dear source of love,
Our souls this day would come:
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home;
That Jew and Greek, with rapt'rous songs,
On all their tongues, thy praise may speak.

DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 176. C. M. *Christmas.* [*]

Highway to Zion. Isa. xxxv. 8—10.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 See the fair way his hand has raised,
How holy, and how plain!
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

3 Nor ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While labouring up the hill.

DODDRIDGE.

o 2 See, the streams of living wate
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daught
And all fear of want remove:
e Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuag
—Grace, which, like the Lord, the
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by d
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when the

HYMN 178. L. M. *Bi*

God the Defence of Zion. Eze

1 AS birds their infant brood p
And spread their wings to
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
d "So will I guard Jerusalem."
e 2 And what then is Jerusalem,

o From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.

e 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
o This city has a sure defence;
d Her name is called, "THE LORD IS THERE;"
e And who has power to drive Him thence?

COWPER.

HYMN 179. 8 & 7. *Drummond.* [*]

Future Peace and Glory of Zion. Isa. lx. 15, 20

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken
e "O my people, faint and few,
"Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
o "Fair abodes I build for you:
—"Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
"Shall no more perplex your ways:
d "You shall name your walls SALVATION,—
— "And your gates shall all be praise."

b 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
—For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression—
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye, no more your suns declining,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
o God will rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
g He the Lord will be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

COWPER.

HYMN 180. L. M. *Worship.* [b]

Prayer for Zion.

1 INDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

o 2 *How shall* thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?

—And hurl their idols to the ground.

o 5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the isles their Saviour know
And earth's remotest ends draw ne

HYMN 181. L. M. *Blen*

Prayer for Zion's Increase.

d 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, aw
Put on thy strength—the n
—And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by th

2 Say to the heathen from thy thr
d "I am Jehovah—God alone!"
—Thy voice their idols shall confour
And cast their altars to the ground

e 3 No more let human blood be spi
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
e The blood that flowed from Jesus'

o 4 Arm of the Lord, thy power ext
Let Mahomet's impostures end:

HYMN 182. L. M. *Leeds.* [*]

Longing for the promised Spread of the Gospel. Dan.ii.45.

1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
e Insulted—everlasting King!
—The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

e 2 We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day!
e When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.

—3 The prophecies must be fulfilled,
Though earth and hell should dare oppose;
The STONE cut from the mountain's side,
Though unobserved, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the blended Image fall,
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay;
And superstition's gloomy reign,
To light and liberty give way.

5 In one sweet symphony of praise,
o Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
And Infidelity, ashamed,
Sink in the abyss of endless night.

6 Soon Afric's long-enslaved sons
Shall join with Europe's polished race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

g 7 From east to west, from north to south,
Emmanuel's kingdom shall extend;
—And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend. VOKE.

HYMN 183. C. M. *Mitcham.* [*]

Prayer for the Success of Missions. Ps. lxxii. 7, 8

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
e Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

o 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens, and fruits arrayed—
g A blooming Paradise.

—3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart:—
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

s 4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

—5 Lord, for those days we wait—those days
Are in thy word foretold;
o Fly swifter, sun, and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

e 6 Amen—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
g Amen—with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply. GIBBO

HYMN 184. C. M. *Canterbury.* [*]

Prayer for Missionaries.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

o 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

g 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread—
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

p 4 O when shall *Afric's* sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word?
And vassals long enslaved become
The freemen of the Lord?

e 5 When shall th' untutored *Heathen* tribes,
A dark, bewildered race,
Sit down at our Emmanuel's feet,
And learn and see his grace?

6 Haste, sovereign Mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love:
Soften the tiger to the lamb,
The vulture to a dove.

7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays!
8 And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise. RIPPON.

HYMN 185. 10s. *Walworth.* [*]

Prayer for the Latter Day Glory.

1 LORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,
Thy children's voice in tender mercy hear,
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind:
O let thy Spirit like soft dews descend;
Thy gospel run to earth's remotest end.

2 Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man, and scourged by thee, no more;
Enriched with gold, adorned with heavenly grace,
Truth their sole guide, and all their pleasure praise.

3 Then Satan's kingdom shall from earth retire,
Dead forms dissolve, and furious zeal expire,
The Beast's fell throne shall darkness dire surround,
Mohammed's empire tumble to the ground;
The dreams of Infidels in smoke decay,
And all the foes of heaven shall fleet away.

4 In barren wilds shall living waters spring,
Fair temples rise, and songs of transport ring;
The savage mind with sweet affection warm,
And light and love the yielding bosom charm:
From sin's oblivious sleep the soul arise,
And grace and goodness shower from balmy skies.

5 Then shall mankind no more in darkness mourn
Then happy nations in a day be born;
From east to west thy glorious Name be one,
And one pure worship hail th' eternal Son:
Remotest realms one spotless faith unite,
And o'er all regions beam the gospel's light.

6 Then shall thy saints exult with joy divine;
Their virtues quicken, and their lives refine;
Their souls improve, their songs more grateful rise,
And sweeter incense cheer the morning skies:
Heaven o'er the world unfold a brighter day,
And Jesus spread his reign from sea to sea. DWIGHT.

Up to the mount of God," th
"And to his house we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem
Shall the whole world comm

e 4 Among the nations he shall j
His judgments truth shall gu
o His sceptre shall protect the jus
And crush the sinner's pride.

s 5 No war shall rage, no hostile
Disturb those peaceful years;
—To ploughshares men shall beat
To pruning-hooks their spears

o 6 Come then, O house of Jacob,
And worship at his shrine;
g And, walking in the light of Go
With holy beauties shine.

Sc

HYMN 187. L. M. *Cas*

Millennium. Isa. xi. 5—9. R

1 LOOK up, my soul, with gl

4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their several rights no more;
o But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Sovereign to adore.
—5 Thus, till a thousand years are passed,
And Satan must be loosed again;
Short is the time his reign shall last,
a Ere he's confined in endless pain.
o 6 But the blest saints shall mount on high,
Where their delivering Prince is gone;
s Angels at God's command shall fly,
To bless them with a conqueror's crown. ANON.

HYMN 188. 8 & 7. *Sicilian.* [*]

Collection for the Spread of the Gospel.

1 WITH my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
o 2 While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim;
Let his friends of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
—3 May his kingdom be promoted,
May the world the Saviour know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.
o 4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him all ye hosts above;
s Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine—victorious love. FRANCIS.

HYMN 189. S. M. *Newton.* [*]

Charitable Collection. 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own;
We praise thy providential grace,
That showers its blessings down.
o 2 With joy the people bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
With thankful souls, behold, we pay
A tribute of thine own.
o 3 Accept this humble mite,
Great sovereign Lord of all;
Nor let our numerous mingling sins
The sacred ointment spoil

o 6 Well pleased
The products of his grace;
And, in a plentiful reward,
Fulfill his promises.

HYMN 190. C. M. *Hymn*

The Good Samaritan. Luke x.

1 FATHER of mercies, send thy
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

b 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

e 3 When the most helpless sons of
In low distress are laid,
p Soft be our hearts their pains to fe
o And swift our hands to aid.

—4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;

2 The man of charity extends
To all his liberal hand;
His kindred, neighbours, foes and friends
His pity may command.

3 He aids the poor in their distress;
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.

4 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find—
He loves to give relief.

5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet;
'Tis love that makes us rise,
With willing minds and ardent feet,
To yonder happy skies.

6 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
And love as angels do. PROUD

HYMN 192. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Relieving Christ in his Members. Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties! how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow—
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered,
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love,
I in the poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee. DODDRIDGE

Beams [illegible]
So the scorned and humble station
Shrinks before thine equal sight

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warmed thy faithful prophet's t
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung :—

4 " When thy harvest yields thee
" Thou the golden sheaf shalt bi
" To the poor belongs the treasure
" Of the scattered ears behind."

CHORUS.—" These thy God ordair
" The widow and the fi

5 " When thine olive plants incr
" Pour their plenty o'er thy pl
" Grateful thou shalt take the bl
" But not search the bough ag

CHORUS.—" These," &c.

6 " When thy favoured vintage,
" Gladdens thy autumnal scen
[illegible] hand heat

HYMN 194. L. M. *Sicilian.* [*]

Meeting of Christian Friends.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

o 2 To you and us by grace is given,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

—3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each earthly theme,
When Christians see each other thus;
e We only wish to speak of HIM,
a Who lived—and died—and reigns—for us.

e 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

—6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
o And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet—to part no more.

NEWTON.

HYMN 195. S. M. *Bingham.* [*]

Parting of Christian Friends.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

e 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

— 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
e And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

g And [illegible]
Through all eternity.

HYMN 196. C. M. *Hymn 2d. St. 1*

A Marriage Hymn.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

e 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

—3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow
To sweeten all the rest.

e 4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 As Isaac and Rebecca gave

Come, and with thy presence bless us,
Deign to be an honoured guest.

2 Once at Cana's happy village,
Thou didst heavenly joy impart;
Though unseen, may thy blest image
Be inscribed on every heart.)

e 3 Lord, we come to ask thy blessing
On the happy pair to rest;
—May thy goodness, never ceasing,
Make them now and ever blest.

4 Thou canst change the course of nature,
Turning water into wine;
e But we ask a greater favour—
May they be forever thine.

—5 Thine by covenant and adoption,
Thine by free and sovereign grace;
May they, in each word and action,
Do thy will and speak thy praise.

6 Gracious Lord, from thy free bounty,
Fill their basket and their store;
Give them, with their health and plenty,
Hearts thy goodness to adore.

e 7 Often, from their happy dwelling,
May the voice of prayer ascend,
For thy mercies still increasing,
To their best, their kindest FRIEND.

-8 Through this life's tempestuous ocean,
Storms are thick, and dangers nigh;
O may constant pure devotion
Guide them safe to realms on high.

e 9 When by death's cold hand divided,
Which dissolves the tenderest ties;
—By thy grace again united,
May they in thine image rise.

o 10 Come, thou condescending Jesus,
Fill our hearts with songs of praise;
Come, and with thy presence bless us,
Make us subjects of thy grace. CODMAN.

HYMN 198. L. M. *Green's.* [*]

A Family Hymn.

1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace. 1

o 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
g While pleased, and thankful, we rem
To join the family above.

HYMN 199. L. M. *Portu*

A Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with th
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

e 2 Lord, I my vows to thee renew!
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought an
And with thyself my spirit fill.

—3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their m
In thy sole glory may unite.

o 4 Praise God from whom all blessin
Praise him all creatures here below:

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out, and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore. HART. COL.

HYMN 201. L. M. *Worship. Sicilian.* [*]

An Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise, glorious, at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest;
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. KENN.

HYMN 202. 8s. *Bethany.* [*]

An Evening Hymn.

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Feeder and Guardian of thine;
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

And songs his kind presence meet
Shall in the night season supply

o 5 His smiles and his comforts abou
His grace as the dew shall descend
o And wells of salvation surround,
The soul he delights to defend.

HYMN 203. C. M. *Ba*

A Hymn for Morning or E

1 ON thee, each morning, O m
My waking thoughts atten
In whom are founded all my hope
In whom my wishes end.

e 2 My soul in pleasing wonder lost
Thy boundless love surveys;
—And, fired with grateful zeal, prep
The sacrifice of praise.

e 3 When evening slumbers press n
With thy protection blest;
b In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest

HYMN 204. L. P. M. *Devotion.* [*]

Daily Duties. Dependence and Enjoyment. Rom. xiv. 8.—*Morning or Evening.*

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When, to heaven's great and glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, JESUS, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
And languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, oppressed,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician! see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help, nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer:
Lord, pity, and supply my need,
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings in my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state;
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;

1 RELIGION is the chief conce
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts eng
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart by grace renew
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith and lo
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

6 Preserve me from the snares of s

And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Hark! how the feathered warblers sing!
'Tis nature's cheerful voice;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

3 How kind the influence of the skies!
The showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid virtue, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

4 Then let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.

5 That bounteous Hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath better, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind

6 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

7 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue. STEELE.

HYMN 207. 8s. *Uxbridge.* [*]

Spring.

1 HOW sweetly, along the gay mead,
The daisies and cowslips are seen!
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,
Rejoice in the beautiful green!

2 The vines that encircle the bowers,
The herbage that springs from the sod,—
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flowers,
All rise to the praise of my God.

3 Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call—
Forbid it, devotion and love.

4 *The Lord,* who such wonders can raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,

5 [illegible]
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their tim
His harvest crowns the spring.

o 3 Well pleased the toiling swains b
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves awa
And sow again in hope.

6 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy be
The ripening harvest bless.

o 5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sowed in hope.

HYMN 209. C. M. *Ab*

Prayer for Rain.

1 NOW may the Lord of earth
Regard us when we call;
'Tis he who bids the vapours rise,

o 5 Then smiling nature shall express
Her mighty Maker's praise;
And we, the children of thy grace,
Join her harmonious lays. BURDER'S COL.

HYMN 210. L. M. *Psalm 97th.* [* b]

Autumn.

1 SEE how brown autumn spreads the field!
Mark—how the whitening hills are turned!
Behold them to the reapers yield,—
The wheat is saved—the tares are burned.

e 2 Thus the great Judge, with glory crowned,
Descends to reap the ripened earth;
g Angelic guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,
d "Go search around the flaming world;
"Haste—call my saints to rise, and take
"The seats from which their foes were hurled.

4 "Go, burn the chaff in endless fire,
"In flames unquenched consume each tare;
"Sinners must feel my holy ire,
"And sink in guilt—to deep despair."

a 5 Thus ends the harvest of the earth:—
—Angels obey the awful voice;
d They save the wheat—they burn the chaff;—
g All heaven approves the sovereign choice.

HYMN 211. C. M. *Hymn 2d.* [b *]

Winter.

1 STERN Winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
p How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

e 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
In *night's dark* mantle clad;
p *Confined in cold* inactive chains—
How desolate and sad!

My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winters frown no more.

HYMN 212. C. M. *Cante*

Swiftness of Time. New

1 REMARK, my soul, the nam
Of the revolving year;
e How swift the weeks complete the
How short the months appear!

d 2 So fast eternity comes on—
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath don
God's judgment shall survey.

e 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift revolving year;
And study artful ways to increas
The speed of its career.

—4 Waken, O God, my careless h
Its great concerns to see;
[illegible] the Christian par

e 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

—3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future—all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

e 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
g *Our Helper*, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 214. 10 & 11. *Walworth.* [*]

Goodness of God. New Year.

1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his graces sing;
The opening year his graces shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name;
The Lord is good—his mercy never ending;
His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

2 The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills;
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honours sound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known:
Through your immortal life, with love increasing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodness—never ceasing.

3 Thou earth, enlightened by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and wine,
Crowned with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that liberal hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuses every blessing.

e 4 Zion, enriched with his distinguished grace,
Blest with the rays of thine EMMANUEL'S face—
Zion, Jehovah's portion and delight,
Graven on his hands, and hourly in his sight,
o *In sacred strains*, exalt that grace excelling,
Which makes thy humble hill his chosen dwelling.

e While human y...
And while ETERNITY its course su
g His goodness, in perpetual showers
Exalt in songs and raptures never en

HYMN 215. C. M. *Sun*

Close of the Year.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, and raise y
And raise your voices high;
o Awake and praise that sovereign lo
That shows salvation nigh.

—2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
o Then welcome, each declining day
Welcome, each closing year!

—3 Not many years their rounds sh
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed you
...dooms.

e 3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts designed
The frame of your immortal mind?

d 4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashioned all the sons of time;
Pilgrims on earth; but soon to be—
The heirs of immortality.

—5 This season of your being, know,
Is given to you your seeds to sow;
Wisdom's and folly's differing grain,
In future worlds, is bliss, and pain.

e 6 Then let me every day review,
Idle or busy, search it through;
—And whilst probation's minutes last,
Let every day amend the past. SCOTT

HYMN 217. C. P. M. *Pilgrim.* [b]

Serious Prospect of Eternity.

e 1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand—
p Yet how insensible!
—A point of time—a moment's space—
o Removes me to yon heavenly place,
e Or—shuts me up in hell!

—2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply in my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late—
o Wake me to righteousness.

—3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;—
e And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

—4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

HYMN 218. 8 & 7. *Sicili*

Eternity joyfully anticipated.

1 IN this world of sin and sorrow,
Compassed round with many a c
From eternity we borrow
Hope that can exclude despair.

2 Thee, triumphant God and Saviour,
In the glass of faith we see!
O assist each faint endeavour!
Raise our earth-born souls to thee

3 Place that awful scene before us,
Of the last tremendous day,—
—When to life thou wilt restore us:
Lingering ages haste away.

4 When this vile and sinful nature
Incorruption shall put on:
—Life renewing, glorious Saviour,
Let thy glorious will be done. M

HYMN 219. C. M. *Plymout*

Old Age approaching.

1 ETERNAL

Can med'cines then prolong my breath,
Or virtue shield my heart?

—5 Ah, no!—then smooth the mortal hour;
On thee my hope depends:
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

o 6 Then shall my soul, O gracious God!
(While angels join the lay,)
Admitted to the blest abode,
Its endless anthems pay:—

o 7 Through heaven, howe'er remote the bound,
Thy matchless love proclaim;
g And join the choir of saints, who sound
Their great Redeemer's name. RIPPON'S COL.

HYMN 220. C. M. *Bishopsgate.* [b]

Warning to prepare for Death.

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear—
Repent!—thy end is nigh!
Death, at the farthest, can't be far;
Oh, think before thou die!

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save:
Thy sins—how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dread account?

3 Death enters—and there's no defence:
His time, there's none can tell:
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven—or to hell!

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls;—to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you:
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue. HART

HYMN 221. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Death and Judgment appointed to All. Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAVEN has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die:

On that impe...

4 Those eyes so long in darkness
Must wake the Judge to see;
And every word—and every thou
Must pass his scrutiny.

—5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
o And, far beyond the reach of deat
With all his saints ascend.

HYMN 222. L. M. *Is.*

Desiring to depart and be with Ch

1 WHILE on the verge of li
And view the scenes o
My spirit struggles with my cla
And longs to wing its flight awa

o 2 Come, ye angelic guardians, c
And lead the willing pilgrim ho
—Ye know the way to Jesus' thro
Source of my joys and of your

c 3 The blissful interview, how s
... transported at his feet;

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.

o 3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

e 5 O, what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravished eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.

o 6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
e They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

—7 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!

8 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

HYMN 224. L. M. *Carthage.* [b *]

Death of the Sinner and Saint.

1 WHAT scenes of horror and of dread—
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night!

e 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise;
Mount Sinai's thunders stun his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast;
Where'er he turns he finds no rest:
o *Death strikes the* blow—he groans and cries—
And, in despair and horror—dies.

HYMN 225. C. M. *St.*

Infants, living or dying, in the Ar

1 THY life I read, my dearest I
With transport all divine;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 With joy I see a thousand charm
Spread o'er thy lovely face;
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said
"And lay them in my breast;
"Protection they shall find in me—
"In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life un
"But can't dissolve my love;
"Millions of infant souls compose
"The family above.

5 "Their feeble frames my power s
"And mould with heavenly skill
"I'll give them tongues to sing my
"And hands to do my will."

Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie;
Rise, and with joy, and reverence, view
A heavenly Parent nigh.

e 3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand;
o With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by th' Almighty's hand.

d 4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In my own house a place;
"No name of daughters and of sons,
"Could yield so high a grace.

5 "Transient and vain is every hope
"A rising race can give;
"In endless honour and delight,
"*My children* all shall live."

—6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which thy face we see;
o And bless those wounds which, through our hearts,
Prepare a way to thee. DODDRIDGE

HYMN 227. C. M. *Isle of Wight.* [*]

Death of a Young Person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
e With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

e 3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
—It bids us seize the present hour!
To-morrow death may come.

4 The *voice of this* alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray

Death of Pious Friends. 1 Thes

1 TAKE comfort, Christians, wl
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Then why dejected weep?

2 Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.

3 As Jesus died, and rose again,
Victorious from the dead;
So his disciples rise and reign,
With their triumphant Head.

4 The time draws nigh, when from
Christ shall with shouts descend
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall renc

5 Then they who live shall change
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient
And earth's foundation shake.

6 The saints of God, from death se
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts, with praises lo

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thy aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where I shall see my God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix,
With that unvaried day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline,
Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 230. 8s. *Consolation.* [*]

Death Gain to a Believer.

1 HOW blest is our friend—now bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy his soul—that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see;
No longer in misery now—
No longer a sinner like me.

2 This *earth* is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war with the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.
No anger henceforward, nor shame,
Shall redden his innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanished away.

3 This languishing head is at rest;
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast,
Is heaved by affliction no more.

And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is m
While bound in a prison I bre
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of deat
What now with my tears I be
Oh, shall I not erelong becom
My spirit created anew—
My body consigned to the tom

HYMN 231. L. M.

A Funeral Hy

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, fai
Take this new treasur
And give these sacred relics r
To seek a slumber in the dus

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor an
Invade thy bounds. No mor
Can reach the peaceful sleep
While angels watch the soft

3 So Jesus slept:—God's dvi

When opening graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake;—

o 2 Those bodies, that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.

—3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,
Is now at last fulfilled—
o That Death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquished, quit the field.

o 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing;
d "O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
"And where, O Death! thy sting?

5 "Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt;
"'Twas this that armed thy dart;
"The law gave sin its strength, and force,
"To pierce the sinner's heart.

6 "But God, whose name be ever blest!
"Disarms that foe we dread;
"And makes us conquerors, when we die,
"Through Christ our living Head."

—7 (Then steadfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around;
And in the work prescribed by God,
Yet more and more abound:—

o 8 Assured, that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain;
But through the grace of heaven's great Lord,
The eternal crown shall gain.) SCOTCH PAR.

HYMN 233. C. M. *Arundel.* [*]

The Last Tempest.

o 1 WHEN wild confusion wrecks the air,
And tempests rend the skies;
Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
In harsh disorder rise;—

o 2 Safe in my Saviour's love I'll stand,
And strike a tuneful song;
d *My harp all trembling in my hand,*
o *And all inspired my tongue.*

d 3 I'll shout aloud, "Ye thunders, roll,
"And shake the sullen sky;
"Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
"In angry murmurs try.

4 "Let the earth totter on her base,
"And clouds the heavens deform;
"Blow, all ye winds, from every place,
"And rush the final storm!"

—5 Come quickly, blessed Hope, appear—
Bid thy swift chariot fly;
Let angels tell thy coming near,
And snatch me to the sky.

o 6 Around thy wheels, in the glad throng,
I'd bear a joyful part;
g All hallelujah on my tongue—
All rapture in my heart.

HYMN 234. 8, 7, & 4. *Littleton.*

Christ coming to Judgment.

1 LO, he comes—the King of glory!
With his chosen tribes to reign;
Countless hosts of saints and angels
Swell the mighty Conqueror's train;
Now in triumph,
Sin and death are captive led.

g 2 See the rocks and mountains rending—
All the nations filled with dread!
e Hark! the trump of God—proclaiming
Through the mansions of the dead—
d "Come to judgment—
"Stand before the Son of Man!"

—3 Now behold the dead awaking;
Great and small before him stand;
Not one soul forgot, or missing;
None his orders countermand:
a All stand waiting—
For their last decisive doom!

—4 Hear the Chief among ten thousand
Thus address his faithful few;
d "Come, ye blessed of my Father,
"Heaven is prepared for you;
"I was hungry—I was thirsty—I was
"And ye ministered to me."

e 5 But how awful is the sentence,
d " Go from me, ye cursed race—
" To that place of endless torment,
" Never more to see my face :
" I was hungry—I was thirsty—I was naked—
" Ye to me no mercy showed."

—6 Now awake, ye slumbering virgins,
Trim your lamps ; the bridegroom's near ;
Let your loins with truth be girded,
Signs proclaim, he'll soon appear :
Mark ! the fig-tree,
Budding, shows the summer's near.

e 7 Jesus, save a trembling sinner,
Though thy wrath o'er sinners roll ;
In this general wreck of nature,
Be the refuge of my soul :
d Jesus, save me ! Jesus, save me ! when the light-
Blaze around from pole to pole. [nings

HYMN 235. 8, 7, & 4. *Helmsley.* [b *]

The Day of Judgment.

e 1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders !
d Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
e How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound !

g 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine !
—You who long for his appearing,
d Then shall say, " This God is mine."
e Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine !

e 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea ;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee :
p Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?

e 4 Horrors, past imagination,
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
" Hence, accursed wretch, depart !

—O Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise:
Swiftly God's great day approaches—
Sighs shall then be changed to praise
We shall triumph—
When the world is in a blaze!

HYMN 236. C. M. *Mitchun*

TE DEUM. *A General Hymn of Pr*

1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confe
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all on earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim, and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—

3 "O holy, holy, holy Lord,
"Whom heavenly hosts obey;
"The world is with the glory filled

HYMN 237. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Almighty Power and Majesty of God.

u 1 THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks and in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest,
p Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
u He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
s And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God. H. K. WHITE.

HYMN 238. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

The Fall and its Effects.

p 1 WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
The dire contagion spread;—
Sickness and death, and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.

2 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined;
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.

3 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty's gone:
The gold is fled, the dross remains:
O sin, what hast thou done?

4 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to Thee:
Thou art the only hiding-place
Where ruined souls can flee. BEDDOME

HYMN 239. L. M. *Ellenthorpe.* [*]

Justice glorified in the Display of Mercy.

p 1 OH love! beyond conception great,
That formed the vast stupendous plan;

And now he fills the mercy-seat.

4 Such are the wonders of our God
And such th' amazing depths of grac
To save from wrath's vindictive rod
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

s 5 With grateful songs, then let our s
Surround our gracious Father's thro
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

HYMN 240. 7s. *Evening*

p 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the
What its signs of promise a
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's heig
o See that glory-beaming star!—
p Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
o Traveller! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,

HYMN 241. L. M. *Atlantic.* [*]

Star of Bethlehem.

e 1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

o 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

g 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

a 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
s When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

b 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

s 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem! H. K. White

HYMN 242. 8 & 7. *Sicilian Hymn.* [*]

Song of the Angels at Bethlehem.

p 1 HARK, what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
s Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
g "Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high."

e 3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found.
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven;—
n Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King

To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And swept the sounding lyre.

3 The theme, the song, the joy was n
To each angelic tongue:
Swift through the realms of light it fl
And loud the echo rung.

4 Down, through the portals of the sk
The pealing anthem ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And Glory leads the song:
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we repeat—
"Glory to God on high!"
Good will and peace are now complet
Jesus is born to die.

3 Sages! leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the Great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star
Come, &c.

4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear
Come, &c.

5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
Come, &c. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 245. P. M. *Mercy.* [*]

Epiphany.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid:
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

BISHOP HEBER

HYMN 246. L. M. *Bowen.* [*]

The Teaching of Jesus.

1 HOW sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,

e 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
s And Jesus has prepar'd the way.

HYMN 247. L. M. *Angel.*

Transfiguration. Luke ix,

—1 ON Tabor's top the Saviour
His alter'd face resplende
And while he elevates his hands,
Lo, glory marks its gentle lines.

2 Two heavenly forms descend to
Upon their suffering Prince below
But while they worship at his feet
They talk of fast-approaching wo.

3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes.
And with submission, all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.

o 4 Then let us climb the mount of
Where all his beaming glories shi

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there. BEDDOME.

HYMN 249. L. M. *Windham.* [b]

Gethsemane.

p 1 'TIS midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,
g Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains,
p That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo. TAPPAN.

HYMN 250. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

Christ's Agony in the Garden. Matt. xxvi, 38—44.

p 1 DARK was the night, and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid:
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
In agony he pray'd—

2 "Father! remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill!"

—3 Go to the Garden, sinner! see
Those precious drops that flow:
The heavy load he bore for thee—
For thee, he lies so low!

—4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey;

Assaulted by a host [illegible]
His person and his claims contemn'd,
A man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! He stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! He knew no sin,
Yet Justice smites him with her sword
He bears the stroke that else had been
The sinner's portion from the Lord.

5 Behold the Man! though scorn'd b[illegible]
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

CHRIST[illegible]

HYMN 252. L. M. *Brentf*

Christ's Passion.

1 THE morning dawns upon the [illegible]
Where Jesus spent the night
Through yielding glooms behold his [illegible]
[illegible] there

5 Truly this was the Son of God!
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruis'd beneath the Father's rod,
Not for Himself,—for man He dies. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 253. 8s & 7. *Greenville.* [b]

Rejoicing before the Cross.

p 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know. ROBINSON.

HYMN 254. 7s. *Telemann's Chant.* [*]

The Three Mountains.

a 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
p All my spirit sinks with awe.

g 2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light,
p Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

—3 When on CALVARY I rest,
God in flesh made manifest,
o Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

p 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heav'n on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 255. C. M. *Stephens.* [b]

"This do in Remembrance of Me."

p 1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;

4 [illegible]
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

HYMN 256. C. M. *York.* M

"This do in Remembrance of M

e 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious w
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

g 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

—3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eye
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—

Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise.

—2 Christians! dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave,
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade:
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay. COLLYER.

HYMN 258. L. M. *Arnheim.* [*]

The Ascension. Acts i, 9.

s 1 THE mighty Conqu'ror leaves the dead,—
Jesus the Lord ascends on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in."

g 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
s "The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
Jesus is the conqueror's name."

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way."

g 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
s "The Lord, of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd." C. WESLEY

HYMN 259. H. M. *Haddam.* [*]

Christ the King of Glory.

s 1 GOD is gone up on high,
With a triumphant noise:
The anthems of the sky
Proclaim th' angelic joys!
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

4 Till all the earth renew'd
In righteousness divine,
With all the hosts of God
In one great chorus join,—
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing—
Glory ascribe to Glory's King.

HYMN 260. H. M. *Haddam*

s 1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest power exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

p 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
a And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, oh, who can tell!
[illegible] souls from death and hell.

HYMN 261. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [b or *]

Fountain. Zech. xiii, 1.

e 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

p 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved,—to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be,—till I die.

s 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
g When this poor, lisping, falt'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave. COWPER

HYMN 262. C. M. *Stephens.* [*]

The Atonement of Christ.

1 IN vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
'It strikes our spirits dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice,
Hath answered these demands,
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by Jesus' hands.

4 Here all the ancient types agree,—
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation through his name.

5 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest;
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name for ever blest. WATTS'S SERMONS

3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN 264. C. M. *Peterbo*

Christ "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

1 THOU art the WAY—to Thee al
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,—
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alo
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending to
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in The
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the
Grant us to know that Way,

—2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

—3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 266. C. M. *Mentz.* [b]

Christ our Example.

p 1 BEHOLD where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

o 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

p 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found,
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,
And heal'd each bleeding wound.

4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life:
He labour'd for their good.

5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear!
Oh may we tread his holy steps,
o His joy and glory share.

HYMN 267. P. M. *Greenville.* [b]

Christ our Example in Suffering.

p 1 GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the Tempter's power·
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:

Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn from Him to watch and pray.

2 See him at the judgment-hall,
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned:
See him meekly bearing all!
Love to man his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain view;
There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on th' accursed tree:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Trust in Christ and learn to die.

4 Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
Angels kept their vigils there:
Who hath taken him away?
"Christ is risen!" he seeks the skies;
Saviour! teach us so to rise. Mon

HYMN 268. C. M. *Woodstock*

Christ precious. 1 Pet. ii, 7.

p 1 HOW sweet the name of JESUS soun
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 By him, my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee, as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath:
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN 269. H. M. *Haddam.* [*]

b 1 JESUS, harmonious Name!
It charms the hosts above:
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze;
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

2 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free:
'Tis music in his ears,
s 'Tis life and victory:
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

3 Stung by the monster sin,
p My poor expiring soul
The balmy sound drinks in,
And is at once made whole:
See there my Lord upon the tree!
I hear, I feel, he died for me

4 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

s 5 O for a trumpet-voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified:
For all, for all, my Saviour died. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 270. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Chief among Ten Thousand; or the Excellencies of Christ

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
• *He makes me triumph over death,*
And saves me from the grave.

Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

HYMN 271. C. M. *St. Martin's*

The Day of Pentecost.

o 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

o 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within:
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

—3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.

s 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire:
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire. Cc

HYMN 273. S. M. *Lisbon.* [*]

o 1 BLEST Comforter Divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy "still small voice,'
From every sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 Oh fill thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

HYMN 274. L. M. *Alfreton.* [*]

o 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray;—

s 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is. BROWNE.

HYMN 275. C. M. *Broomsgrove.* [b or *]

To the Holy Spirit.

e 1 ETERNAL Spirit! God of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

p 2 'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing mind
With guilt and fear oppreat;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

e 1 HOW precious is the book
By inspiration given!
o Bright as a lamp its doctrines shi
To guide our souls to heaven.
e 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping
In this dark vale of tears;
o Life, light, and joy, it still impar
And quells our rising fears.
e 3 This lamp, through all the ted
— Of life, shall guide our way,
o Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

HYMN 277. C. M. *Dr*

The Soul.

e 1 WHAT is the thing of gr
The whole creation re
—That, which was lost in paradi
That, which in Christ is fou
2 The soul of man,—Jehovah'
That keeps two worlds at st

HYMN 278. L. M. *Winchelsea.* [*]

The Blessings of the New Covenant.

1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners, of an humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
May read in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The pris'ner here may break his chains;
The weary rest from all his pains;
The captive feel his bondage cease;
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live. BEDDOME

HYMN 279. L. M. *Nazareth.* [b]

Religion. Prov. iv, 7.

e 1 TEACH us, O Lord, the great concern,
To know thy will, thy name to love,
Our duty from thy word to learn,
And gain the wisdom from above.

2 Religion must be all in all,
Would we th' immortal prize obtain,
Retrieve the ruins of the fall,
And 'scape the death of endless pain.

3 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, we pray,
To sanctify and cleanse our heart;
May we repent, believe, obey,
And from thy service ne'er depart. LEE

HYMN 280. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [*]

Value of Religion.

1 RELIGION bids all sin depart,
And folly flies her chast'ning rod;
She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

And reign with God, for ever reign.

MONTGOMERY A

HYMN 281. C. M. *Bangor.*

Frailty of Life.

p 1 FEW are thy days, and full of wo,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written—"Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return!"

2 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
Which lays thee with the dead.

3 Gay is thy morning: flatt'ring hope
Thy sprightly steps attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends!

4 Before its splendid hour, the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

HYMN 282. S. M. *Olmutz.* [

Uncertainty of Life.

Awaken, by thy mighty power,
The aged and the young.

— 4 One thing demands our care—
Be that one thing pursued;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

b 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night. DODDRIDGE ALTERED.

HYMN 283. L. M. *Dresden.* [b]

Vanity of the World, and Happiness of Heaven.

p 1 HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties,
That bind us to a world like this.

2 The ev'ning cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

b 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

HYMN 284. C. M. *Tolland.* [*]

Seek first the Kingdom of God.

s 1 NOW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.

2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.

3 Away, each grov'ling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's aim;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
In our Redeemer's name.

2 Shall they hosannas sing,
With an unhallow'd tongue;
Shall palms adorn the guilty hand
Which does its neighbour wrong?

3 Can sin's deceitful way
Conduct to Zion's hill;
Or those expect with God to reign
Who disregard his will?

4 Thy grace, O God, alone
Can a good hope afford!
The pardon'd and renew'd shall see
The glory of the Lord. Pr

HYMN 286. L. M. *Munich.*

The Value of a Moment.

1 AT every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of de
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

2 A moment usher'd us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth;
Moment by moment, years are past,

HYMN 287. S. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

The Issues of Life and Death.

p 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole:

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,
And all that life is love:—

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
Oh what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

g 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 288. C. M. *Dundee.* [b]

Treasuring up Wrath.

• 1 UNGRATEFUL man! Oh whence this scorn
Of long-extended grace?
And whence this madness, that insults
Th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is all the treasur'd wrath so small,
You labour still for more;
Though not eternal rolling years
Can e'er exhaust that store?

s 3 Swift will the day of vengeance come
Which must your sentence seal;
g And righteous judgment, now unknown,
In all its wrath reveal.

p 4 Alarm'd and melted at his voice,
Your conquer'd heart shall bow;
g But, to escape the vengeance then,
Embrace the Saviour now.

HYMN 289. H. M. *Haddam.* [b or *]

• 1 WHEN frowning death appears,
And points his fatal dart,

3 Sinners, [illegible]
And flee the wrath to come;
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,
And heaven shall be your home.

His mercy nigh,
Now points the path,
That leads fror
To joys on hig

HYMN 290. S. M. *Norwalk.*

Anticipation of the Judgment.

1 HOW will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heaven, before the Jud
Astonish'd shrink away!

2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark! from the gospel's cheering soun
What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled;

3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis call'd to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death,
Command your souls away.

4 Soon will the harvest close—
The summer soon be o'er—
And soon your injur'd, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more. DWIGHT

HYMN 292. L. M. *Winchelsea.* [b or *]

The Watchful Servant. Luke xii, 38, 39.

s 1 AWAKE, awake, each sluggish soul!
Awake, and view the setting sun!
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.

e 2 Death! 'tis an awful, solemn sound!
Oh may it wake the slumb'ring ear!
Apace the dreadful conqu'ror comes,
With all his pale companions near.

3 Soon will he close all drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more;
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
E'en now he stands before the door.

g 4 To-day, attend his gracious voice!
This is the summons which he sends—
"Awake! for on this passing hour,
Thy long eternity depends." HEGINBOTHAM.

HYMN 293. L. M. *Nazareth.* [* or b]

The Sinner hastened.

b 1 HASTEN, O sinner! to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is it to be won.

2 Oh hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er,
Before this ev'ning stage be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner! to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy lamp should cease to burn,
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner! to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before the morrow is begun. PRATT'S COL.

He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.

4 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wandering souls, draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come:
In mercy's breast there still is room.

HYMN 295. C. M. *Canterbur*

God's Command to all Men to repent.

e 1 REPENT, the voice celestial cri
No longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate d
And meets a fiery day.

2 Together in his presence bow,
[illegible] will confess:

HYMN 296. *Chaplin. Amsterdam.* [b]

A'arm.——7s & 6s.

e 1 STOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo!
Once again I charge you, stop!
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake!

g 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day
When his judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Though they now despise his grace,)
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face." NEWTON

HYMN 297. L. M. *Germany.* [b or *]

"*Renounce thy Sins.*"

o 1 "RENOUNCE thy sins," the gospel cries,
And pant t'embrace a fairer prize;
A heaven of joys before thee waits,
Then take the road to Zion's gates.

p 2 "Renounce thy sins," the watchmen cry,
Believe—and you shall never die;
g Fair robes of glory wait above
For all the heirs of bleeding love.

3 "Renounce thy sins," God's children cry,
Repent—and soar to worlds on high,
Where streams of living waters roll,
And ceaseless bliss absorbs the soul.

4 "Renounce thy sins," thy reason cries,
Break from your heart these hateful ties,
Enlist a soldier of the Lamb,
And joy t' exalt the Saviour's name

HYMN 298. L. M. *Bowen.* [b or

Jesus a Guest. Rev. iii, 20.

e 1 BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door,
He gently knocks, has knocked befor
Has waited long, is waiting still,
You treat no other friend so ill.

a 2 O lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart, and outstretched hands
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

b 3 Admit him;—for the human breast,
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
Admit him;—or the hour's at hand,
When at his door denied you'll stand.

—4 "Open my heart, Lord, enter in,
Slay every foe, and conquer sin:
I now to thee my all resign,
My body, soul, and all are thine."

HYMN 299. 7s. *Evening Hymn.*

"*Why will ye die? O House of Israel!*" Ezek. x

e 1 SINNERS! turn—why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give—
Made you with himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands:
Why, O thankless creatures! why
Will ye spurn his love, and die?

o 2 Sinners! turn—why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why.
He who his own life did give,
That ye might for ever live:
Will you let him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, O ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

b 3 Sinners! turn—why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove—
Moved you to embrace his love—
Will ye not his love receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, O long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God and die?

HYMN 300. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [b or *]

e 1 LET the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
o You for higher ends were born:
You may all to God return:
Dwell with him above the sky:
Why will ye for ever die?

e 2 What could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his flow of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will ye for ever die? WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 301. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [b or *]

s 1 SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake—and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path:
Watchful tread that path; be wise;—
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind, and foolish still,
Called of Jesus, learn his will:
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light. EPIS. COL.

HYMN 302. S. M. *St. Thomas.* [b]

The accepted Time. 2 Cor. vi, 2.

1 NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time

o 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and w
This is your accepted hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
e Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more!

o 2 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

3 Let not conscience make you lin
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel the need of Him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

e 4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"*It is finished!*"
Sinners will not *this* suffice?

HYMN 304. 8, 7 & 4. *Calvary.* [*]

o 1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you,
e Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus,
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

o 2 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour,—
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus,
You must perish, if you stay.

HYMN 305. 12s. *New Jerusalem.* [*]

Free Grace.

o 1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain:"
For Adam's lost race, Christ hath opened a fountain:
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.

CHORUS.

s Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon,
We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair,
Now he calls you in mercy—and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increased as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them—it flows from the fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, he is more than victorious.
With shouting proclaim it—oh trust in his passion,—
He saves us most freely—oh precious salvation!

4 Our Jesus his name now proclaims all victorious,
He reigns over all, and his kingdom is glorious;
To Jesus we'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to him our salvation.

5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore;
With harps in our hands, we'll praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

THOR

Come, and I will give you rest:
Come, and I will save you all."

e 2 Jesus,—full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey,
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away:
Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life.

p 3 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God,

o Lo, we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our weary souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart. VILLAGE

HYMN 307. L. M. *Park Street.*

"Return unto me."

o 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return!

HYMN 308. C. M. *Dundee.* [b]

Mat. xi, 28.

1 ALL ye who feel distressed for sin,
And fear eternal wo,
You Christ invites to enter in—
This hour to Jesus go!

2 He by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove:
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove.

o 3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

b 4 Come, then, ye heavy laden—come!
His instant help implore:
e Millions have found a peaceful home—
s There's room for millions more. PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 309. 8 & 7. *Sicilian Hymn.* [*]

A Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleanness.

g 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all.

e 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find.

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful;—God will never
Break his covenant in blood. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 310. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [*]

"*Take not thy Holy Spirit,*" &c. Ps. li, 11.

e 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Cast not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

—2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all. whoe'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved,—

And raise me by thy gracious [illegible]
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

HYMN 311. C. M. *Canterb*

The Penitent.

p 1 PROSTRATE, O Jesus, at thy f
A guilty rebel lies,
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast s
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lor
And all my sins forgive;
Then Justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

I hold thee fast, my hope, my trust:
I will not let thee go.

z 4 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide:
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.

5 To this, this only will I cleave:
Thy word is all my plea:
That word is truth, and I believe:
— Have mercy, Lord, on me! MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 313. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

For Pardon, Holiness, and Heaven.

p 1 SINNERS of Adam's fallen race,
Sinners by practice too,
In prayer, O God, we seek thy face,
In prayer for mercy sue.

—2 No trembling penitent to Thee
E'er turned, and was denied:
Accept, O Lord! our only plea;
For us thy Son hath died.

o 3 For Him, thy gift, thy name we bless:
To us, for whom He died,
Through faith impute his righteousness,
And we are justified.

-4 Nor rest we here, thou God of love!
May we, for whom He died,
Receive thy Spirit from above,
And thus be sanctified.

5 At length made holy, just, forgiven,
Through Christ who for us died,
May we, exchanging earth for heaven,
With him be glorified. ALEXANDER'S COL.

HYMN 314. 7s. *Hotham.* [*]

Choosing the Heritage of God's People.

o 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblessed;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!

s 1 BEING of beings, God of lo
To thee our hearts we rai
Thy all-sustaining power we pro
And gladly sing thy praise.

e 2 Thine, wholly thine, we want
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved
To thee ourselves we give.

s 3 Come, Holy Ghost! the Savio
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ, in God.

HYMN 316. C. M.

"*Hinder me not.*" Gen.

b 1 IN all my Lord's appointed
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-love
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if

HYMN 317. L. M. *Blendon.* [*]

Following Jesus as the Forerunner.

o 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

—2 The way the holy prophets wer t,
The way that leads from banishment;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

—3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppressed with unbelief and sin.

—4 The more I strove against their power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

s 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God." CENNICK.

HYMN 318. C. M. *Stephens.* [*]

"*Help, Lord.*"

e 1 OH help us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

2 Oh help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

3 If, strangers to thy fold, we call,
Imploring at thy feet,
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

4 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this;
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
Are light, and life, and bliss.

5 Oh help us, Jesus! from on high;
We know no help but thee:
Oh help us so to live and die
As thine in heaven to be.

HYMN 319. C. M. *Woodstock.*

The Fulness of Redemption.

1 HOW shall my soul find rest in heav
Th' eternal, blest abode?
When, "without holiness, no man
Shall see the holy God."

2 Though I have nothing of my own,
To form that heavenly dress;
Jesus has wrought, and gives to me,
The robe of righteousness.

o 3 Hear thou, my soul, his teaching voice;
With wise endeavour, still,
Observe the guiding of his eye,
And precepts of his will.

4 Then shall the robe thy Saviour wrough
The ransom he has given,
Be made thy title to the rest
Prepared for saints in heaven.

HYMN 320. S. M. *Watchman.*

Salvation by Grace, from the first to the

s 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear!
u Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

s 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

— 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
u It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

D

HYMN 321. P. M. *Bingham.* [b or *]

Bartimeus. Mark x, 47, 48.

p 1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus prayed:
Others by the word are saved,
o Now to me afford thine aid:
Many for his crying chid him,
o But he called the louder still;
e Till the gracious Saviour bid him
o "Come and ask me what you will.

e 2 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms, which none but he could give:
o "Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
"Let my eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

s 3 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
"Friend, is not my case amazing?
"What a Saviour I have found:
"Oh! that all the blind but knew him;
"And would be advised by me!
"Surely would they hasten to him,
"He would cause them all to see." NEWTON

HYMN 322. C. M. *Warwick.* [*]

"*Herein is Love.*" 1 John iv, 10.

s 1 YE saints, assist me in my song—
Let all your passions move:
To Jesus all the notes belong—
I sing redeeming love.

e 2 Around the circle of his friends,
His tender passions move:
And while he lived, his constant theme
o Was still redeeming love.

p 3 Gently he raised his sacred hands,
Before his last remove:
And the last whispers of his tongue
Sighed forth redeeming love.

4 Through life's wide waste, with weary feet,
In darkness I may rove;
But never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.

—5 Oh that before his sacred throne,
I all its sweets may prove:
Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be redeeming love. Co

HYMN 323. C. M. *Stamford.* [*

Luke xv, 10.

p 1 OH, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

s 2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

o 3 Well pleased the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

s 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre. Nee

HYMN 324. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

s 1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

s 3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
s Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 *He* wants no pomp nor royal throne,
To raise his figure here,
Content and pleased to live alone,
Till Christ his life appear.

HYMN 325. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [*]

The Fear of God.

o 1 THRICE happy souls, who, born of heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
e Humbly begin their days with God,
And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the sacred pages o'er,
And praise thy name and pray.

e 3 Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

4 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breast;
And, safely folded in thine arms,
Resign our powers to rest.

o 5 In solid, pure delights, like these.
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 326. C. M. *Broomsgrove*. [*]

Christian Love.

p 1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word;—

—2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

b 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds
His bosom glow with love. SWAIN

3 Let envy and ill will
Be banished far away;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where no discordant sounds are hear
p But all is peace and love.

HYMN 328. C. M. *Archa*

The Unity of the Spirit in the Bond

g 1 THE earth, the ocean, and the s
To form one world agree;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.

–2 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

D 3 In one fraternal bond of love,

Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day, the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

p 3 Toil, trial, suff'ring, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The church triumphant's song.

s 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeemed above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save:
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?
Thy victory, O Grave?

6 Then, hallelujah! power and praise
To God in Christ be given;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 330. S. M. *Shirland.* [*]

Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration.

e 1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave,
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.

e 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side
Through all the gloomy way.

5 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt and fear?
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there. DODDRIDGE

3 Shall aught beguile us on the rc
When we are walking back to Go
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

s 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full dis
That sets our longing souls at larg
Unbinds our chains, breaks up ou
And gives us with our God to dw

5 To dwell with God, to feel his l
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven belo

HYMN 332. 7s. *Hotha*

Forsaking all for Chr

p 1 JESUS, I my cross have take
All to leave, and follow the
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or kno
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own

o 2 Soul, then know thy full salvat
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 333. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [b or *]

Welcoming the Cross.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to love without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there. COWPER.

HYMN 334. L. M. *Brentford.* [b]

The Influence of the World deplored.

1 OH! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set me free,
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts and there my love.

2 But oft, alas! too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fixed below;
In every lifeless prayer I find
The heart unmoved, the absent mind.

3 Oh! what that frozen heart can move,
Which melts not at a Saviour's love?
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
Which will not sing the Saviour's praise?

4 Lord, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not, till to thee they rise. COTTERILL.

HYMN 335. C. M. *Canterbury.* [b]

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all our cares;

And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.

HYMN 336. 7s & 6s. *Marga*

Looking forward.

p 1 FROM every earthly pleasure,
From every transient joy,
From every mortal treasure,
That soon will fade and die;
No longer these desiring,
Upward our wishes tend,
To nobler bliss aspiring,
And joys that never end.

2 From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
—Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away:
s On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.

p 3 What though we are but strangers
And sojourners below;
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go:

o 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now,—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

u 3 Shout, ye ransomed flock, and blest!
Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

s 4 Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

p 5 Lord, submissive make us go,
o Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee. CENNICK.

HYMN 338. L. M. *Eaton.* [*]

Heb. xiii, 14.

e 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here"—
e This may distress the worldly mind;
o But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

e 2 "We've no abiding city here"—
e Sad truth, were this to be our home:
o But let this thought our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."

3 "We've no abiding city here"—
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.

e 4 "We've no abiding city here"—
s We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light. KELLY.

HYMN 339. C. M. *St. Ann's.* [*]

Sincerity and Truth.

e 1 LET those who bear the Christian name,
Their holy vows fulfill:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear,
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the shapes it wears,
Firm to their truth; and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs. W

HYMN 340. C. M. *Dedham.* [b]

Watchfulness.

1 O FOR a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to feel it near;

2 O for the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake. C. We

HYMN 341. 8 & 7. *Bavaria.* [*

The watchful Servants.

e 1 EARTHLY joys no longer please us,
Here would we renounce them all,
Seek our only rest in Jesus—
Him our Lord and Master call
s Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above,
Bids us look for his appearing—
Bids us triumph in his love.

2 May our lights be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning—
Longing for the welcome sound!
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never will we be afraid;
Should he come at night or morning—
Early dawn or evening shade. Cow

HYMN 342. S. M. *Watchman.* [* or b]

e 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely!
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die. WESLEY.

HYMN 343. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

Watch and pray. Matt. xxvi, 41.

p 1 MY soul, be on thy guard,—
Ten thousand foes arise:
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
The arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown. HEATH.

HYMN 344. C. M. *Windsor.* [b]

Indwelling Sin lamented.

p 1 WITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been,
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin.

3 My reason tells me thy commands
Are holy, just, and true,

These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

HYMN 345. 7s. *Calvary.*

1 BY thy Spirit, Lord, reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal,
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins that crucified my Lord,
Sins against thy precious blood.

p 2 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee, and weep,
Bitterly, as Peter, mourn;—
Till I say, by grace restored,
"Now, thou know'st I love thee, Lord."

3 O remember me for good,
Passing through the mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood,
When my strength and spirit fail;
Give my fainting soul to see
Jesus crucified for me. We:

HYMN 346. L. P. M. *St. Ev.*

HYMN 347. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

The Contrite Heart.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few;
Fain would I strive for more;
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love the house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 Oh! make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,—
And heal it, if it be.

COWPER.

HYMN 348. C. M. *Poland.* [b]

For a Contrite Heart.

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord;
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word.

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow.

3 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace;—

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

C. WESLEY.

The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O, let me, then, at length be taught
(What I am still so slow to learn)
That God is Love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But, when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,—
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou therefore all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

HYMN 350. L. P. M. *St. Hele*

Fervent Vows and Petitions.

THEE will I love, my strength an

I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

4 Give to my eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

—5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, though all may frown,
And thorns and briers perplex my road;
Yea, when my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day. MORAVIAN.

HYMN 351. L. M. *Nazareth.* [b or *]

A Good Conscience.

p 1 SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control;
And heal the anguish of my soul.

o 2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere;
Come, make your constant dwelling here;
Still let your presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope and peace divine,
Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine!
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

s 4 Then should my eyes, without a tear,
See death, with all its terrors, near:
My heart should then in death rejoice,
And raptures tune my faltering voice.

g 5 Nay, should the frame of nature fall,
And flames surround this earthly ball;
Ev'n then, my soul without dismay
The mighty ruin would survey.

e 6 Yes, for beyond these lower skies
New worlds salute my longing eyes;
Blest worlds! where peace her throne maintains,
And everlasting glory reigns. HEGINBOTHAM.

HYMN 352. C. M. *Lanesboro'.* [b or *]

The Request.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,

And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 353. 8 & 7. *Sm*

"Yea, though I walk through the Val of Death, I will fear no Evil."

p 1 GENTLY, Lord, O gently le
Through this gloomy vale
Through the changes thou'st dec
Till our last great change appe
s O refresh us with thy blessing,
O refresh us with thy grace,
May thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for thy dwelling-place.

p 2 When temptation's darts assail
When in devious paths we str
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
s O refresh us with thy ble

p 3 In the hour of pain and anguis
In the hour when death draws

HYMN 354. L. M. *Dresden.* [b]

Submission.

p 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

e 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat:
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God. BEDDOME.

HYMN 355. C. M. *Dundee.* [* or b]

Resignation.

1 MAY I remember, Lord, to thee,
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude, from me,
May all thy bounties flow.

2 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

3 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
o No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

4 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

5 Write but my name upon the roll
Of thy redeemed above;
Then, heart, and mind, and strength, and soul,
I'll love thee for thy love. MONTGOMERY

V V And days are dark, and friends ar
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

—2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly virtue's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

—3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend;
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

—4 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 257 8 7 &. 4. *Tamworth*

3 In the sacred page recorded
Thus his word securely stands;
'Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
'Nought shall pluck you from my hands:'
Sweet affliction,
Every word my love demands. 'S. PEARCE.

HYMN 358. L. P. M. *St. Helen's.* [b]

Prayer for Divine Consolation.

p 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
O! hear a humble suppliant's cry;
o Bend from thy lofty seat above,
g Thy throne of glorious majesty:
O deign to listen to my voice,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 I urge no merits of my own,
No worth to claim thy gracious smile;
And when I bow before thy throne,
Dare to converse with God awhile,
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,
Dearest and sweetest name to me!

p 3 Father of mercies, God of love,
Then hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from thy lofty seat above,
g Thy throne of glorious majesty:
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul. RAFFLES

HYMN 359. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

Think upon Me. Neh. v, 19.

p 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning, on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily:
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love, remember me.

3 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
• *I'll hail reproach*, and welcome shame
If thou remember me.

HYMN 300.

In deep Affliction.

p 1 FULL of trembling expectation,
Feeling much, and fearing more,
Mighty God of my salvation,
I thy timely aid implore:
Suffering Son of Man, be near me,
All my sufferings to sustain,
By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
By thy more than mortal pain.

—2 By thy most severe temptation,
In that dark, Satanic hour;
By thy last mysterious passion,
Screen me from the adverse power;
By thy fainting in the garden,
By thy bloody sweat, I pray,
Write upon my heart the pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.

3 By the travail of thy spirit,
By thine outcry on the tree,
By thine agonizing merit,
In my pangs remember me!
By thy death I thee conjure,
A weak, dying soul befriend;

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

—4 It is that hope with ardor glows,
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.

s 6 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born wo and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share! NOEL

HYMN 362. C. M. *Abridge.* [*]

Gospel Comforts.

p 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

e 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

4 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee? TOPLADY.

HYMN 363. S. M. Olmutz. [*]

o 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;

Shall quench the [illegible]

4 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord
Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN 364. P. M. *He*

The Cross the Way to the

s 1 LOOK up to yonder world,
See myriads round the thr
Each bears a golden harp,
And wears a sacred crown:
s With zeal they strike | And
The sacred lyre, | Their

2 Believing in his Name,
They in his footsteps trod;
His righteousness their hope,
Their only plea his blood;
Lo, now they reign | Behc
With him above, | And

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame:
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore:
The tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace:
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
o To him their loud hosannas raise.—

s 5 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God!

HYMN 366 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [*]

The Redeemed in Heaven.

1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion, every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears. MONTGOMERY.

o 3 But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The sun of glory gilds the path
And dear companions sing.

s 4 See Salem's golden spires,
In beauteous prospect rise;
And brighter crowns than mortals
Far sparkle through the skies.

u 5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him, who leads the pilgrims on
To realms of endless day.

DODI

HYMN 368. S. M. *St. 1*

The Christian's Warfa

o 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God
Through his eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power.

6 Still let the Spirit cry
In all his soldiers, "Come,'
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home. C. WESLEY

HYMN 369. C. P. M. *Rapture.* [*]

The beatific Vision.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
Companions through the wilderness
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

s 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

p 3 We suffer with our Master here—
s But shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 The great mysterious Deity,
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific sight
u Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

5 The Father shining on his throne,
The glorious co-eternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
o Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
e And silence heightens heaven.

d 6 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
o And God be all in all! C. WESLEY.

HYMN 370. C. M. Bray. [*]

The near Approach of Salvation.

s 1 SERVANTS of God, awake! arise!

To our admiring eyes

a 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed you
Ye mortal powers, decay:
Fast as ye bring the night of dea
Ye bring eternal day.

HYMN 371. S. M. (

Exhortation to Praise and T

u 1 STAND up and bless the
Ye people of his choice
Stand up and bless the Lord yo
With heart and soul and v
2 Though high above all pra
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy n
And laud, and magnify?
3 O for the living flame
From his own altar broug
To touch our lips, our souls ir
And wing to heaven our
b 4 There with benign regar
Our hymns he deigns to
...lud to mortal

2 Hear the heathens' sad complaining,
Christians! hear their dying cry.
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die. CAWOOD.

HYMN 373. 8, 7 & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Prayer for the Heathen.

p 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding—
On the face of all the earth.

s 2 Light of them who sit in error!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing.
To thy brightness—
Let all kings and nations come.

—3 Let the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone.
Let thy glory—
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

s 4 Thou! to whom all power is given,
Speak the word! at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord! be with them—
Always, till time's latest end!

HYMN 374. L. M. *Angels' Hymn.* [b or *]

The Gathering of the Gentiles.

o 1 THE heathen perish: day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

—2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for *you?*
And what for *him* will ye not do?

u 3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call *in the south*, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one. MONTGOMERY.

Their land from error's chains.

p 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

—3 Shall we, whose souls are lighte
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
s Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice,
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice:
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

HYMN 377. P. M. *Haddam.* [*]

Increase of the Church.

g 1 RISE, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might:
And prosper each design,
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

u 2 Put forth thy glorious power!
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store
In converts born of thee:
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

HYMN 378. C. M. *Westmoreland.* [*]

Prayer for the Reign of Christ.

g 1 JESUS, Immortal King, arise!
Rise and assert thy sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.

u 2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet!

3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
This spacious earth around;
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound!

4 Oh may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known!
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

s 5 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May *Jesus* be adored!
And earth, with all her millions shout,
Hosannas to the Lord.

PRATT'S COL.

On all the nations, Lord:
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word:
That heathen lands may own thy s
And cast their idol-gods away.

—3 Then shall thy kingdom come
Among our fallen race,
And the whole earth become
The temple of thy grace;
Whence pure devotion shall ascend
And songs of praise, till time shall

HYMN 380. H. M. *Dar*

Prayer for the Conversion of th

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds abo
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show:

Fulfil thy word, | Let heathen
Thy Spirit give; | And praise

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word:
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

—3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
o Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

—4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord

5 God from eternity hath willed—
"All flesh shall my salvation see:"
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned by thee!

MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 382. C. M. *Broomsgrove.* [*]

To the Holy Spirit.

—1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroyed:
Creator Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.

g 2 Give thou the word: that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crowned,
Bring forth the Tree of Life.

s 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When thou shalt all renew!

HYMN 383. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

1 WHO, but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favour,
Pagans will be still the same.
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise.
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

1 Armed with thy Spirit's po
Ten thousands shall confess its sv
And bless the saving hour!

2 Beneath the influence of thy gı
The barren waste shall rise:
With sudden green and fruits arr
A blooming paradise.

3 Peace, with her olive crown, sl
Her wings from shore to shore
The nations of the earth shall hei
The sound of war no more.

4 Lord! for those days we wait:
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and br
This promised age of gold.

o 5 Amen! with joy divine, let ea
Unnumbered myriads cry!
Amen! with joy divine, let heav
Unnumbered choirs reply.

HYMN 385. 8, 7, & 4.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed:
"For thy shame thou shalt have double,"
In thy Maker's favour blessed:
All thy conflicts—
End in one eternal rest. KELLY.

HYMN 386. C. M. *Christmas.* [*]

Restoration of Israel.

s 1 DAUGHTER of Zion! from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head,
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

s 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array:
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

—3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth:
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north."

s 4 They come, they come—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 387. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamworth.* [*]

Spread of the Gospel.

1 YES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God is speaking
By his Word, in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall *tell* the love of God.

3 *God of Jacob, high* and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand·

s 1 O ZION, take thy
And raise thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God,
Arise and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.

—2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.
The nations round
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crowned.

u 3 In honour to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love
In worlds above
The glory raise.

4 There on his holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne.

To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

—2 He comes, with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shade like Lebanon.

s 4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is—Love. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 390. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [*]

Jesus sha'l reign.

g 1 HARK! the Song of Jubilee,
Loud—as mighty thunders roar:
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore—

2 Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God Omnipotent, shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes, above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies!

4 See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword! He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdom of his Son.

u 1 SING, for the blest Redee
Through distant lands h
And sinners, freed from endles
Own him their Saviour and th

—2 His sons and daughters from
Daily at Zion's gates arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin be
By sovereign grace are made a

u 3 Oh may his conquests still ir
And every foe his arm subdue
While angels celebrate his prai
And saints his glowing glories

n 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lam
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

HYMN 392. 7s. *A*

Jesus reigns

s 1 WAKE the song of jubil
Let it echo o'er the se
Now is come the promised hou
Jesus reigns with sovereign po

o Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings—
Of the Saviour's matchless worth!

2 When exposed to fears and dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And his presence—
Shall be with you to the end. KELLY.

HYMN 394. 7 & 6. *Romaine.* [*]

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean!
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales! and waft them
Safe to the destined shore;
That man may sit in darkness,
And death's black shade, no more.

2 O thou Eternal Ruler!
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm!
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

HYMN 395. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [*]

u 1 GO! ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning, fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the Banner-Cross on high!

2 Where th' aspirant minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

—3 Go! to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And th' oppressed forever weep.

—4 O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away *the* fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven!

Visit every soul and ...
Preach the cross of Christ to all—
Jesus' love is full and free.

HYMN 396. 8, 7, & 4. *Tamu*

Farewell to Missionaries.

s 1 GO, ye heralds of salvation,
Go, proclaim redeeming blood
Publish to that barb'rous nation,
Peace and pardon from our God;
Tell the heathen,
None but Christ can do them good.

—2 While the gospel trump you're soun
May the Spirit seal the word,
And, through sovereign grace abound
Heathen bow and own the Lord;
Idols leaving,
God alone shall be adored.

—3 Distant though our souls are blendi
Still our hearts are warm and true;
In our prayers to heaven ascending,
Brethren—we'll remember you;
Heaven preserve you,
Safely all your journey through.

4 When your mission here is finished
And your work on earth is done,
May your souls, by grace replenishe
Find acceptance through the Son;
Thence admitted,

Friends, connexions, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger-heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I—can I say—Farewell?
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
d Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

s 4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
o Glad I bid thee,
Native land!—Farewell—Farewell!

S. F. Smith.

HYMN 398. L. M. *Winchelsea.* [*]

Glory awaiting faithful Missionaries.

g 1 ETERNAL Lord! from land to land,
Shall echo thine all-glorious name,
Till kingdoms bow at thy command,
And every lip thy praise proclaim.

2 Exalted high, on every shore,
The banner of the cross, unfurled,
Shall summon thousands to adore
The Saviour of a ransomed world.

g 1 ASSEMBLED at thy gre
Before thy face, dread l
The voice that marshalled ever
Has called thy people from afa

—2 We meet through distant lan
The truth for which the marty
Along the line—to either pole-
The thunder of thy praise to r

3 First bow our hearts beneath
Then give thy growing empire
O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields
Till all mankind shall be subd

4 Our prayers assist—accept
Our hopes revive—our courag
Our counsels aid—and oh! in
The single eye—the faithful h

HYMN 400. L. M. *I*

Active Benevolence in Imi

o 1 WHEN from the glorio
On wings of love, th

a 5 Honour your Saviour, speak his praise;
By acts of love his grace proclaim;
Sweet anthems to his glory raise,
And in hosannas sound his name.

HYMN 401. L. P. M. *Palestine.* [b]

Saturday Evening.

e 1 SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in;
When with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest!

—2 Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease;
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace:
Delightful season! kindly given
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

—3 Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings,—
Till the last gleam of life decay,
In one eternal Sabbath-day.

HYMN 402. P. M. *Haddam.* [*]

Lord's Day.

s 1 CHILDREN of God, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay;
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
u He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
—And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

s 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
— And earth with humbler strains
s *Thy praise* responsive sings—
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!

HYMN 403. L. M. *Blendon.* [*

"There remaineth a Rest to the People of God

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we lov
s But there's a nobler rest above;
—Oh that we might that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.

s 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

p 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

s 4 Oh long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on this world of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest in God. DODDR

HYMN 404. C. M. *Broomsgrove.* [

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
p And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
—We would be like thy saints above,
o And praise thee while we live.

—3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine. BR

HYMN 405. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [*]

Sabbath Morning Prayer Meeting.

—1 HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine:
May we from the world depart,
reathing after things divine.

o 2 Lead us forth with joy and peace
To thy temple, in thy ways;
e And when this sweet day shall cease,
g May its sun go down with praise!
—3 May thy ministers declare
All thy word of truth with power,
Till the sinner bend in prayer,
Conquered in that mighty hour.
4 So may we, who worship here,
Profit by thy word to-day;
And more love, and peace, and fear
Carry from thy house away.

HYMN 406. L. M. *Stonefield.* [*]

For the Blessing of Father, Son, and Spirit.

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be:
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."
3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.
4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true Eternal God confest;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion blest. MONTGOMERY.

HYMN 407. C. M. *Stephens.* [* or b]

1 WE bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?
2 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee?
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?
3 *Speak with* that voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise!
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Let us all, thy love possessing,
u Triumph in redeeming grace!
Oh refresh us—
Travelling through this wilder
s 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
Let the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence—
With us evermore be found.

HYMN 409. L. M. A

Baptism.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, descen
Baptizer of our spirits, th
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now
2 Pour forth thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood:
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child a child of God

HYMN 410. C. M. S

Baptism.

[illegible] our souls to

HYMN 411. L. M. *Costellow.* [*]

The Lord's Supper.

1 HERE let us see thy face, O Lord,
And view salvation with our eyes,
And taste and feel the living Word,
The Bread descending from the skies.

2 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.

s 3 Jesus! our light! our morning star!
Shine thou on nations yet unknown;
The glory of thy people here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne. PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 412. 7 & 6. *Chaplin.* [b]

The Lord's Supper.

1 LAMB of God! whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every burdened soul release;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds, and set us free,
From all iniquity release;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

3 Through thy blood, by faith applied,
Let sinners pardon feel:
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
Oh remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 413. C. M. *Tolland.* [*]

The Lord's Supper.

1 LORD! at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;

But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place—
2 We, who were all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God!
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood!
3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.
u 4 Ye saints below, and hosts above!
Join all your sacred powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours. STEN

HYMN 414. 7s. *Pilgrim.* [b]

1 BREAD of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!
2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord! thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.
3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died:
Lord of life! O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee! PRATT'S

HYMN 415. 9 & 8. *Bowery.* [*

1 BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead!
2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token,
That by thy grace our souls are fed.
BISHOP H

HYMN 416. C. M. *Archdale.* [*

Joining in Covenant with God. Is. xliv 5.

• 1 COME, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us seal, without delay,
The covenant of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.

4 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To seek their fathers' God;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their fathers' feet have trod. PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 417. C. M. *Stephens.* [*]

Joining the Church of Christ.

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield:
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise. BEDDOME.

HYMN 418. L. M. *Costellow.* [*]

Reception into Christian Fellowship.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name,
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

With his own precious blood.

2 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake
This voice in silence die.

3 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

4 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be giver
Till toils and cares shall end.

HYMN 420. L. M. *Mi*

For a Sunday School Union Anniv

1 FROM year to year in love w
From year to year in peace
The tongues of thousands utterin
The bosom-joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on, and year by
We change, grow up, or pass awa
Not twice the same assembly her
Have hailed the children's festal

3 Death, ere another spring, shal

HYMN 421. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

For Sunday Schools.

1 WITHIN these walls be peace,
Love through our borders found;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.

p 2 God scorns not humble things;
Here, though the proud despise,
g The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

— 3 May none who thus are taught,
From glory be cast down,
But all through faith and patience brought
u To an immortal crown. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 422. C. M. *Lanesboro'.* [*]

For Sunday Schools.

g 1 THERE is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky;
Where saints departed, clothed in white,
Adore the Lord most high.

2 And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
Unite and perfect praise.

—3 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
If Jesus we obey:
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way.

4 This is the joy we ought to seek,
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To read, and hear, and learn.

p 5 Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay;
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop, and pass away.

e 6 Great God! impress the serious thought,
This day, on every breast;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest. JANE TAYLOR

HYMN 423. S. M. *Shirland.* [*]

For Sunday Schools.

• 1 COME, let our songs resound
Within these peaceful walls;

Where heathen darkness reig

4 He sees the savage wild
Some idol's help implore;
He sees the untaught Indian ch
His painted gods adore.

5 Lord, let thy light, we pray,
On them—on us arise:
For we are foolish, blind as they
Till Jesus make us wise.

6 We learn thy blessed will,
We read thy holy word,
Then may we thy commands ful
Which others never heard.

HYMN 424. C. M. L

What is Prayer?

1 PRAYER is the soul's sinc
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast,

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

HYMN 425. C. M. *Dedham.* [b or *]

Retirement and Meditation.

p 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

—4 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine.

s 5 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more. COWPER.

HYMN 426. L. M. *Nazareth.* [* or b]

"*Where two or three are met in my name, there am I.*"
Matt. xviii, 20.

—1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet!
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face!
Oh speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place. KELLY.

HYMN 427. 7s. *Mt. Calvary.* [*]

The Close of a Meeting for Prayer.

1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
g Songs of holy joy and praise.—

HYMN 428. L. M.

On the Appointment of

1 WE bid thee welcome in
Of Jesus, our Exalte
Come as a servant; so he cam
And we receive thee in his ste

2 Come as a shepherd: guard
This fold from hell, and earth.
Nourish the lambs, and feed t
The wounded heal, the lost b

3 Come as an angel, hence to
A band of pilgrims on their w
That, safely walking at thy s
We fail not, faint not, turn n

4 Come as a teacher sent fro
Charged his whole counsel t
Lift o'er our ranks the proph
While we uphold thy hands

5 Come as a messenger of pe
Filled with the Spirit, fired
Live to behold our large inc
And die to meet us all above

HYMN 429. C. M.

Ministers watching

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see!
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee. DODDRIDGE.

HYMN 430. 8 & 7. *Sicilian Hymn.* [b]

For a Revival.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

s 2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
p Every plant should droop and die.

—3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh. NEWTON

HYMN 431. 7s. *Hotham.* [*]

s 1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire:
Shine in every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Son of God, appear! appear!
To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in:
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Take away the love of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts desire,
All our joy, and all our peace. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 432. 7s. *Evening Hymn.* [b]

Evening Hymn.

1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal:

Watchest where thy people be,
Should swift death this night o'e
And our couch become our tomb
May the morn, in heaven awake
s Clad in light and deathless bloon

HYMN 433. L. P. M. S

Thanksgiving for National

1 HOW rich thy gifts, Almig
From thee our public bl
The extended trade, the fruitf
The treasures liberty bestows,
s The eternal joys the gospel show
All from thy boundless goodn

—2 Here commerce spreads the w
Which pours from every foreign
Science and art their charms
Religion teaches us to raise
s Our voices to our Maker's prai
As truth and conscience poin

u 3 With grateful hearts, with jo
To God we raise united songs;
Here still may God in mercy
Crown our just counsels with s
With peace and joy our borden

o 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Lord, our expectations raise—
All below is but a dream.

g 3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Former kindnesses renew:
From this moment may we live
With eternity in view:
Bless the word to young and old:
Shed abroad a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above. NEWTON

HYMN 435. P. M. *Amesbury.* [* or b]

o 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still, till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

—3 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.'

6 O that each, from his Lord, may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

HYMN 436. S. M. *Newalk.* [b]

Reflections on the State of our Fathers.

o 1 HOW swift the torrent rolls,
Which bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!

Must all the children dwell;
No other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.

—5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost ve
Our souls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
s Till with them, in the land of lig
We dwell before thy face. A

HYMN 437. L. M. *Dres*

The Knell.

p 1 OFT as the bell, with solemn
Speaks the departure of a
Let each from every trifle fly,
And ask, "Am I prepared to die?

e 2 Soon, leaving all I love below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce m
And fix my everlasting state.

3 O could I hear to hear h

s 6 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And wish and long to hear thy voice;
Glad, when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven, if thou art mine! NEWTON.

HYMN 438. C. M. *Funeral Hymn.* [b]

A Thought of Eternity.

p 1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
Overwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O, how shall I appear?

—2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

g 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear? ADDISON.

HYMN 439. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

o 1 WAKED by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

p 2 Who can resolve the doubt,
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the lost cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?

— 3 O thou that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery;—

4 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe!
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 440. C. M. *Dundee.* [*]

Heaven.

g 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Bear every thought above.

5 Prepare us, Lord! by grace di
For thy bright courts on high
Then bid our spirits rise and joi
The chorus of the sky.

HYMN 441. *Lanesbor*

The Heavenly Res

p 1 THERE is an hour of peace
To mourning wanderers
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breas
'Tis found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary sou
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuo
Where storms arise, and ocean r
And all is drear but heaven.

s 3 There, faith lifts up her cheerfi
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing b
The evening shadows quickly fly
p And all serene in heaven.

s 4 There, fragrant flowers, immor

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see. C. WESLEY.

HYMN 443. 8s. *Goshen.* [*]

Earnest Desire of Heaven.

u 1 I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above,—
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
p I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus has fixed his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air
s And fly to the mountain of God.

—2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
(For Jesus hath spoken the word,)
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

3 *How* happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!

Great God, at thy command;

p 2 When every long-loved scene of
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the
Shall rend this bursting heart;

3 O thou great source of joy supre
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!

4 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
s And with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed!

p 5 Leaning on thy dear faithful bre
May I resign my breath!
And in thy fond embraces lose
"The bitterness of death."

HYMN 445. 7, & 4. *Gre*

p 1 WHEN the vale of death ap

Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night and cloud by day,
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

4 And when mighty trumpets blown,
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
From the central burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransomed,
Judge and Saviour, own my name!

MRS. GILBERT.

HYMN 446. L. M. *Dresden.* [b]

The Living and the Dead.

e 1 WHERE are the dead? In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their buried forms in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment-day.

—2 Who were the dead? The sons of time,
In every age, and state, and clime;
Renowned, dishonoured, or forgot,
The place that knew them knows them not.

3 Where are the living? On the ground,
Where prayer is heard, and mercy found;
Where in the period of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

4 Who are the living? They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death;
Of bliss or wo the eternal heirs;
O what an awful choice is theirs!

5 Then, timely warned, may we begin,
To follow Christ, and flee from sin,
Daily grow up in him our Head,
Lord of the living and the dead. MONTGOMERY

HYMN 447. C. M. *Lanesboro'.* [b or *]

The Dead who die in the Lord.

p 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, "He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

And if we here their footsteps
There we shall praise him t

HYMN 448. 7s. *Sab*

The dying Christian t

a 1 VITAL spark of heavenl
p Quit, O quit this morta
Trembling, hoping, lingering,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying
Cease, fond nature! cease thy
And let me languish into life!

e 2 Hark, they whisper—angels
o "Sister spirit, come away!"
p What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sig
Drowns my spirits, draws my
Tell me, my soul—can this be

a 3 The world recedes!—it disa
o Heaven opens on my eyes!—n
u With sounds seraphic ring!
s Lend, lend your wings! I mou
O grave! where is thy victory
O death! where is thy sting?

3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory—
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign. C. WESLEY

HYMN 450. L. M. *Munich.* [b]

The Death of the Righteous.

p 1 HOW blest the righteous when they die,
When holy souls retire to rest!
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away:
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er:
So gently shuts the eye of day:
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
s How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
p Farewell, inconstant world, farewell! BARBAULD.

HYMN 451. C. M. *Lanesboro'.* [b]

Happy Death of a Christian.

p 1 DEAR as thou wert, and justly dear,
We would not weep for thee;
One thought shall check the starting tear,—
It is—that thou art free.

2 And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain;
Oh! who that saw thy parting hour
Could wish thee here again!

3 Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine:
Oh may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine. DALE.

HYMN 452. 8 & 7. *Greenville.* [b or *]

Happiness of departed Saints the Consolation of Survivors.

1 THINK, O ye who fondly languish
O'er the grave of those you love:
While your bosoms swell with anguish,
They are warbling hymns above.

There, no fear of wo, intrudin
Sheds o'er heaven a momen

HYMN 453. 7s.

1 LO! the prisoner is rele
Lightened of his flesh
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered unto God!
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are ca
Grief and suffering are no m

g 2 Yes, the Christian's cours
Ended is the glorious strife;
u Fought the fight, the work i
Death is swallowed up of life
s Borne by angels on their wi
Far from earth the spirit flie
Finds his God, and sits and
Triumphing in Paradise.

The months of affliction are o'er,
The days and the nights of distress;
We see her in anguish no more—
She has found a happy release.

—2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
Shall ever disquiet her now;
For death to her spirit was gain,
Since Christ was her life when below.

s Her soul has now taken its flight
To mansions of glory above,
To mingle with angels of light,
And dwell in the kingdom of love

3 The victory now is obtained;
She's gone her Redeemer to see;
Her wishes she fully has gained—
She's now where she panted to be.
Then let us forbear to complain
That she has now gone from our sight;
We soon shall behold her again,
With new and redoubled delight.

ALEXANDER'S COL.

HYMN 455. L. M. *Bowen.* [b or *]

Sleeping in Jesus.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!

p 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet:
g With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

p 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest,
No fear—no wo, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

— 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding place."
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell,—but felt no fear.

p 3 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at
His soul is found in peace.

s 4 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

HYMN 457. C. M. *Funer*

Funeral.

p 1 BENEATH our feet and o'er
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Their names are graven on the
Their bones are in the clay:
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

6 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

7 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie,
Shall live, for hell or heaven! PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 458. L. M. *Monmouth.* [b or *]

The Day of Judgment.

g 1 THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
—What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

a 3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
p Though heaven and earth shall pass away. SCOTT.

HYMN 459. S. M. *Olmutz.* [*]

Christ's Second Coming.

o 1 HE comes! the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

o 2 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
"Ye dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

3 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace:
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

HYMN 460. S. M. *Watchman.* [b or *]

• 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,

3 O may we all be found
Obedient to thy word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

4 O may we all ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest. Wr

HYMN 461. 8s. *Goshen.*

g 1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge
The seventh trumpet speaks h
His lightnings flash; his thunders roll
How welcome to the faithful soul!

u 2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the Almighty Jesus crowned!
Girt with omnipotence and grace;
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own:
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

s 4 Shout, all the people of the sky!
And all the saints of the Most High:
Our Lord, who now his right obtains
Forever and forever reigns. W

Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing—
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour! take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Oh come quickly—
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come! OLIVER.

HYMN 463. C. M. *Lanesboro'*. [b]

Prospect of the Resurrection unto Life.

e t THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
p Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

—4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
o Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

p 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall *shed its* mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
s *With shouts* of endless praise. H. K. White

Lie vanquished at his feet.

e 2 Then though the worms my f
And make my form their pre
I know I shall arise with power
On the last judgment day:
When God shall stand upon the
Him there mine eyes shall see
My flesh shall feel a second birt
And ever with him be.

p 3 Then his own hand shall wip
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and grie
Shall cease eternally.

o How long, dear Saviour! O, ho
Shall this bright hour delay!

s O, hasten thy appearance, Lord
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 465. C. M. *St.*

e 1 JESUS, to thy dear wound
We seek thy bleeding sid
Assured that all who trust in th

g 5 Sublime upon his azure throne,
He speaks,—th' Almighty Word:
His fiat is obeyed! 'tis done;
And paradise restored.

6 So be it! let this system end,
This ruined earth and skies;
s The New Jerusalem descend,
The New Creation rise.

7 Thy power omnipotent assume;
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me. WESLEY'S COL.

HYMN 466. 7 & 6. *Amsterdam.* [*]

g 1 STAND th' omnipotent decree;
Jehovah's will be done!
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan:
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just:
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

—2 Rests secure the righteous man,
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge, and rise again,
s And mount above the wreck:
Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire!

o 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroyed;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void;
Sees this universe renewed;
The grand millennial reign begun,
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around th' eternal throne!

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, or sword;
Listening for the call divine,
The last trumpet of the seven:
Soon our souls and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven. C. WESLEY.

HYMN [illegible]

1 HARK! that shout of rap
Bursting forth from yo
Jesus comes!—and through the
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful v
Sounds abroad, through sea an
Let his people now rejoice!
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See! the Lord appears in vie
Heaven and earth before him f
Rise, ye saints, he comes for y
Rise to meet him in the sky.

4 Go, and dwell with him abo
Where no foe can e'er molest
Happy in the Saviour's love!
Ever blessing, ever blest.

HYMN 469. C. M.

Praise to G

1 LIFT up to God the voi
Whose breath our sou
Loud and more loud the anth
With grateful ardor fired!

[illegible] God the voice of

HYMN 470. 7s. *Sudbury.* [*]

Glory to God in the Highest.

s 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

p 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious morning come?
s No! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ. PRATT'S COL.

HYMN 471. 8s. *Drummond.* [*]

Our God for ever and ever.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable FRIEND;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the FIRST and the LAST,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN 472. C. M. *Amherst.* [*]

1 O FOR a thousand seraph tongues
To bless th' incarnate Word!
O for a thousand thankful songs
In honour of my Lord!

1 Through
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone procl
The honours of my God!
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my so
Though death will close my eye
My thoughts shall then to nobler h
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless p
Their grateful tribute pay:
The theme demands an angel's to
And an eternal day.

HYMN 474. 7s & 6s. *An Universal Praise.*

1 PRAISE the Lord, who rei
And keeps his courts bel
Praise him for his boundless lov
And all his greatness show.

2 Praise him for his noble deeds
Praise him for his matchless
Him, from whom all good proc
heaven adore

6 Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth adored;
Praise the Lord in every breath,
Let all things praise the Lord. PRATT'S COL.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

I.

1 ON Judah's plain, the minstrel lyre
Is hushed, for mirth has winged her flight;
In Zion's courts the holy fire
Is quenched, and sorrow veils the night;—
No lamp illumes yon vaulted way,
Save one pale orb that burns alone.

2 'Tis Bethlehem's star; the holy gem
That hailed the Godhead from the skies;
'Tis Bethlehem's star! the diadem
That tells the conqueror shall rise:*
He rises—and the golden choir
Of angel minstrels wakes the song.
GOULD'S CHURCH HARMONY.

II.

Select Hymn, p. 657

HARK! what mean those holy voices, &c.
ANCIENT LYRE.

III.

WITH darkness whelmed, in error lost,
On sin's tempestuous ocean tossed,
While hope withdrew her cheering ray,
Despairing nature sunk away:—
When lo! to raise a drooping earth,
Behold, behold, a wondrous birth:
To calm the mind and dry your tears
The holy babe of life appears.
The voice of joy let nature raise,
And pour the grateful song of praise,—
Hail with a loud acclaim the morn,
The Saviour of the earth is born.
GOULD'S CH. HARM.

V.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake
Awake! for thy foes shall oppres
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the d
Arise! for the night of thy sorro

2 Strong were thy foes, but the ar
And scattered their legions, was
They fled like the chaff from the
them,
Vain were their steeds and their

3 Daughter of Zion, the power
Extolled with the harp and the
Shout! for the foe is destroyed
The oppressor is vanquished, ar
HANDEL AND H

VI.

Select Hymn,

HARK, the song of jubilee,

VIII.

HAIL, hail, sweet cherub, charity,
Hail, hail, sweet cherub, charity,
  Thou first of virtues, hail:
'Tis thou canst blend in misery's cup,
The soft, the balmy cordial, hope,
  When other comforts fail.
Great God of love and light and day,
We humbly here our offerings lay,
  Before the footstool of thy throne:
All that we have, O Lord, is thine,
And should we all to thee resign,
  We only render back thine own.
To soothe and mitigate distress,
  O make us ever free;
And may our hearts in lowliness,
  The glory give to thee. IBID.

IX.

1 TIME is winging us away
  To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
  A journey to the tomb.

2 Youth and vigour soon will flee,
  Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon shall be
  Enclosed in death's cold arms.

3 But the Christian shall enjoy
  Health and beauty soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
  Secure in Jesus' love.

ANC. LYRE.

X.

1 THE hill of Zion yields
  A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
  Or walk the golden streets.

2 Then let our songs abound,
  And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
  To fairer worlds on high. ANC. LYRE.

--------- among my people.

XIII.

I WAS glad when they said
into the house of the Lord.
walls, and plenteousness within

XIV.

PRAISE ye the Lord, glor
of Zion, come before him; brin
harp. High in glory, lo! he's
he sits in state. Sons of Zi
sound the lute and strike the h

XV.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord G
and earth are full of the majest
be to thee, O Lord Most High.

XVI.

XIX.

LORD of all power and might, thou art the giver of all good things. Graft in our hearts the love of thy name. Increase in us true religion. Lord of all power and might, nourish us in all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. IBID.

XX.

GREAT is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. IBID.

XXI.

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name, make known his deeds among the people—Glory ye in his holy name. O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth. CH. HAR.

XXII.

OUR help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth, for evermore; and let all the people say, Amen. IBID.

XXIII.

BEHOLD, God is my salvation; I will trust in him: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is my salvation. Praise the Lord and call upon his name: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is my salvation. Praise the Lord, and call upon his name; sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust in him: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song; he also is my salvation. IBID.

XXIV.

THE Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel. *The Lord hath* put on glorious apparel, and girded *himself with* strength. He hath made the world

name, evermore praising thee, and
Holy, Lord God of Hosts; heave
of thy glory. Glory be to thee, (
Amen.

XXVI.

WE praise thee, O God, we ack
the Lord. All the earth doth wo
ther everlasting. To thee all an
heavens and all the powers therein.
and seraphim continually do cry,
Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven a
thy great glory. HANDEI

XXVII.

THE Lord will comfort Zion; h
waste places, and make her like Ed
the Lord. Joy and gladness shall
thanksgiving and the voice of melo

XXIX.

I HEARD a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

CH. HARM.

XXX.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all for evermore. HANDEL AND HAYDN COL.

ASCRIPTIONS.

7s.

GLORY to the Father's name;
Jesus' excellence proclaim;
Sing the blessed Spirit's praise;
Angels, swell the notes we raise!

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

8, 7, & 4.

GLORY be to God the Father,
Glory to th' eternal Son;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne;
Hallelujah,
Hail the glorious Three in One

GLORY, honour, praise and po
To the Lamb be ever paid:
Let new blessings every hour
Rest on his adored head.

5 & 6.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever blessed:
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all bless
Praise him all creatures here below
Praise him above, ye heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Gho